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NATIONAL COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

A Statement of the Principles and Objects of a proposed National Society, for the cure and prevention of Pauperism, by means of Systematic Colonization. London, 1830. Ridgway.

EMIGRATION, whatever importance may rightly belong to it, has been rendered a very unpopular topic in this country. We feel that we are liable to be charged with temerity and bad taste, when we venture to call attention to an object, from which persons of almost every class have so often turned aside with weariness and disgust. We must entreat a little indulgence. The publication, whose name stands at the head of our article, is not one of Wilmot Horton's pamphlets; and if we were not well convinced that it is something very superior, we should have made no effort to rescue it from the oblivion to which all that Right Hon. gentleman's lucubrations are so certainly consigned.

The pamphlet which we are now proposing to notice, is published by a "Provisional Committee." We have heard, for some time past, that a society, consisting chiefly of members of the House of Commons, had under consideration certain new and important doctrines connected with emigration: such a report was certainly abroad; but as, neither in parliament, nor out of it, any mention was made of the plans or operations of this party,—as we learned nothing of them from reviews, magazines, pamphlets, or newspapers,—as, in fact, all the oracles of the press were dumb on that subject, we concluded either that we had been misinformed, or that, like other great undertakings, the work of the society had been hastily abandoned. We hailed the appearance, then, of this pamphlet with unusual satisfaction; and though we knew that some great names in the literary and philosophical world had been mentioned among the advocates of the new measures—though we took the work in hand with high expectations, we have risen from a very attentive perusal of it with any sentiment but disappointment; nay, more, we are convinced, that if the principles here laid down be correct, or if they be so to any considerable extent, measures more important were never urged on the attention of any legislature in the world.

To attempt to offer any very satisfactory compendium of a work on this subject—a work, too, whose principal fault consists in being itself too much condensed—would be at best a very hopeless undertaking. We can only pretend to give a general outline of the system proposed; and we must refer those readers whose curiosity our sketch may fail either to satisfy or to excite, to the plain, unaffected, but conclusive, language of the publication itself.

The pamphlet states, that throughout the United Kingdom there is a very great excess of people, in proportion to the means of profitable employment; and that in England alone, several millions of money are annually levied in the form of a poor-rate for the maintenance of unemployed paupers. In other parts of the world subject to the British government, particularly in Canada, South Africa, and Australia, the price of labour is extremely high; indeed, labourers are so scarce that the most extra-

gant offers of wages are insufficient to procure them. It seems very desirable, therefore, to open a passage for the superabundant population of this country to the colonies we have named. It seems desirable, because here they are very miserable, and often, by consequence, very depraved; in the colonies their labour would be highly recompensed; they might become prosperous, happy, and respectable: avenues would also be opened to their ambition; and the advantages which they would derive from the change would hardly be superior to those which their coming would confer on their new associates. It has been asserted that these persons are not willing to leave their native country; but the columns of every newspaper in the empire bear direct testimony to the contrary. Mr. Portman states that he found the pauper population of Dorsetshire supplicating for the means of emigration—

*Stabant optantes primi transmittere cursum,
Tendebantque manus, ripe ulterioris amore.*

There can be little doubt that a most intense desire to emigrate exists on the part of hundreds of the lower orders; but they are unable for the very reason that they desire it—their utter destitution. To obviate this difficulty, different measures have from time to time been proposed for conveying paupers, free of cost, to the colonies. To the emigrants themselves their removal would, without question, be attended with incalculable benefits; but to this country, little or none; for even if paupers to a considerable amount were conveyed, costless to themselves, to our distant dependencies, (a measure, as hitherto proposed, very expensive to the mother country,) and the immediate presence of the evil done away, still it is to be feared, though Mr. Horton says it is not, that the pressure on the means of subsistence would soon be revived, by an increase of people corresponding with the amount of emigration. In fact, Wilmot Horton's plan, and every other plan which we have seen till now, has been (to use the forcible language of a contemporary,) nothing more than an extension of a cheap-soup system—a system for affording temporary relief to sufferers, but which, not affecting the origin of their calamities, must ere long be resorted to again—probably on a more extended scale. This is very unsatisfactory. It was stated by one of the first philosophers of the day, before a Committee of the House of Commons, that no real benefit could be expected from emigration, unless, "without pressure in regard to expense, a constant emigration to a great extent could be kept up." Now, here we have expressed, in a few words, precisely what the society proposes to effect. They assert that, by certain simple means, a constant current of emigrants may be kept up,—and that, without either mortgaging the poor-rates, or receiving constant grants of money from the crown. The nature of these means we now proceed to explain.

Various ways have been adopted by different governments in the disposal of unappropriated land. By the government of the United States it is sold; the favourite plan of our government is to give it away—sometimes subject to conditions never enforced—sometimes subject to no conditions, but always in profusion. One

consequence resulting from the course pursued by the Americans, has been, that it restrained in some degree the dispersion of the settlers—an event which not only prevents the accumulation of capital, but which soon introduces a desertion, and even a distaste, of the comforts and advantages of civilized society.

But the American rulers discerned another benefit in the sale of waste land: it brought into the public treasury a considerable annual income. It is a fact very much overlooked in this country, that the federal government of America, independent of a like proceeding on the part of the separate states, actually derives 400,000*l.* per annum, by the disposal of its unoccupied territory. Now there is, no one can deny, something very imposing and munificent in giving away vast tracts, perfect principalities of uncultivated land, to favoured individuals. The careless magnanimity displayed by this government in assigning immense grants, without price, to Mr. Peel, to Mr. Agar Ellis, and the Duke of Hamilton, must have been gratifying to English feelings; yet, after all, there is some wisdom in the policy of America. Let us suppose that Sir George Murray could be persuaded to adopt it; that hereafter not an acre of land could be obtained in the colonies except by purchase;—and let us suppose that money so procured should constitute a fund for conveying to the colonies the superabundant labourers of this country—if the fund were sufficiently large, unless we have been greatly deceived, emigration to an immense extent would immediately take place. Perhaps we may be told that a fund never could be raised; that no one would buy our waste land—though, from some unaccountable propensity, people buy the waste land of America. The pamphlet argues, we think conclusively, that the waste land in our dependencies would be saleable also. But in fact, the money transferred to the Colonial Office in exchange for land, forming, as we have supposed, a means for conveying labourers to the colony, may be considered as a price paid, not for the land, but for procuring the labourers for cultivating it. We have heard an instance quoted of a colonist, a Mr. Blaxland, who exchanged 4000 acres of land situated up the country, for 500 acres near the town of Paramatta: the ground which he gave up, was of equal fertility to that which he preferred, but the expense of conveying his produce to market, made up for the extraordinary disparity in the magnitude of the property. What is this but the sale of land? Similar cases are probably not uncommon. Now, if a time could arrive, when, by preventing the dispersion of settlers, and by freely introducing emigrants, the colony should be well peopled, that is, when there should be a ready market accessible from every estate, it cannot be questioned, with this instance before our eyes, that land would be a saleable commodity, especially when to a ready market should be added, what Mr. Blaxland could not hope for, cheap labour and large profits from cultivation. Without the means of procuring labourers, land can be but of small comparative value.

At present, we know, if a man have a friend or relative in office, he can obtain a large estate

for little or nothing, but at present, his large estate is of little or no value, except it be of the nature of accommodation land, like that alluded to near Paramatta. The land-owner cannot cultivate 5000 acres with his own hands; and assistance, if at all procurable, is procured at a rate which carries away, in the form of wages, almost all that it produces. The land would certainly be worth more, if labour could be hired to cultivate it; if labour were cheap, the profits of cultivation would be high, that is, land would be very valuable and might be sold at a high rate. The fund therefore to which we are looking would be of very large amount. We have used the term "cheap labour," but it is not to be supposed it was ever contemplated so to concentrate the population by fixing a high price upon land, that the wages of labour should at all approximate to what they now are in Britain. It is not designed to take the working classes out of one *old country* in order to set them down in another; nor indeed would the scheme be possible, if it were to be attempted. A great degree of prosperity being guaranteed to the pauper emigrant, is essential to the working of the whole plan:—

"A desire to better one's condition is the sole motive to emigration; and the most wretched pauper would prefer misery in his own parish house of idleness, to misery in Canada, South Africa, or Australasia. He would even prefer misery at home to only comparative plenty in a distant land. Nothing would induce him to emigrate but the certainty of obtaining absolute plenty,—an ample provision of food, clothes and fuel, for himself, his wife, and any number of children. It is the more necessary to insist on this point, because we are supposing, always, that the condition of the whole domestic population would be improved. Supposing the condition of the people of Britain to be such that want did not operate as a check to the procreation and rearing of children, an indispensable condition of the new mode of colonization would be, that the emigrant labourer should obtain in the colony an existence even superior to an ample provision of mere necessities. He must be enabled, besides maintaining his family in ease, to lay by some property every year, and to become, in time, an employer of other labourers—an occupier, if not a proprietor, of land. Such a prospect would be a motive to emigration, with those in the mother-country who should not be satisfied to remain labourers for hire during the whole course of their lives,—to those amongst the labouring classes who might feel ambitious to acquire some leisure for the improvement of their minds, and the means of raising their children in the scale of society. If pauperism were extinguished in Britain, a less favourable prospect would not provide the amount of emigration requisite to prevent the return of pauperism. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that a prospect not less favourable should be held out, not only to every male emigrant, but to fifty thousand male emigrants, every year." p. 30—32.

Though it would be difficult to state precisely what price should be fixed on the new land, yet from what has been stated, we may perceive that the limits are clearly defined, beyond which it would be injurious to proceed: it should never be so high as to prevent the greatest division of labour—that is, the greatest accumulation of capital; never, on the other hand, so low as to deny every possible comfort to the labouring classes. Whenever the profits of the capitalist were reduced by the high rate of wages, it would be evident that land was in excess, and that emigrants were in demand; and this high rate of wages would probably hold out to the lower orders in this country a sufficient temptation to emigrate. Whenever the rate of wages should sink below the level prescribed, emigration would cease, land would be in demand, and there would be a tendency to purchase it. Thus, society expanding, the means of sustaining it would be enlarged also. This mode of peopling a colony seems to be the only one by which the blessings of civilization may be preserved; if the settlers

scatter, they barbarize; this is the evidence of universal history. From the chronicles of Ancient Egypt, down to the last published volume on New South Wales, there is not one instance to be cited of a nation rising to wealth, or civilization, unless under a great degree of concentration; and on this point, the historian only confirms the conclusions of the speculative philosopher. It will be seen then, that one of the grandest features of the new doctrine is the *expediency of concentration of population*.

Perhaps it may be questioned, even when the facility of selling land is admitted, if a fund could be collected, till many years were past, sufficient to afford a means of constant emigration to the immense numbers now unemployed throughout the United Kingdom. We think a few words will make this quite clear. The point insisted upon by the pamphlet, as next in importance, is the *selection of emigrants*. At present, even where the charges of passage have been defrayed by parishes, by associations, and by individuals,—we mean, where selection had been very easy, the emigrants have been persons of all ages, of all physical conditions, and generally all males. This is complained of. Those paupers would of course be most burthensome in this country, who were young—likely, in the ordinary course of nature, to live many years and to have families. It is quite evident, if old persons not capable of procreation were only to emigrate, no permanent benefit could arise either to the colony or to the parent country. The same objection, in a very great degree, applies to the exclusive emigration of males. It is well known that the dreadful destruction of human life, which political convulsions and a spirit of military adventure occasioned to the French nation, though it operated through a course of twenty-five years, brought with it no diminution of the population, for the havoc raged almost entirely among men.

Again, it has been found, from the paucity of women who have emigrated to New South Wales, that the number of the present inhabitants of that colony falls very short of what the mere observer would imagine; with all its wonderful advantages, the growth of population is very diminutive. We will not here turn aside to notice the nameless horrors which the paucity of women has introduced into that colony; it is a subject which loudly demands attention, but it would divert us from the object we are pursuing. These dreadful evils doubtless involve heavy responsibilities, for they might in a great degree have been avoided;—had women emigrated in the same proportion as men, not only might vice and infamy have been restrained, but population would have increased at its utmost possible rate.

It is calculated in this pamphlet, that, though a promiscuous emigration of 800,000 persons would be annually necessary, in order to keep population down to the means of supporting it in comfort, yet, by a careful application of the principle of selection, that the departure of 100,000 persons or 50,000 couples every year would effect the same object. Now emigration to this amount, does not suppose an expense of a very startling extent; one fifth of the English poor-rate would defray it most liberally and even bountifully. Could the sale of land but produce only three times what it does in America, where the principle of concentration is not recognized, although in trifling operation, and where land is notoriously "given away," this most desirable purpose might be accomplished.

We finish as we began. Of this striking and important system we have been able to furnish only an imperfect outline, and the limits of our journal prevented our attempting more. What immediate reception this system may encounter in the world, it would be difficult now to determine; one thing, however, must not be forgotten. Its success is not founded on the injury or degra-

dation of any persons or parties in the state—its views are far higher, both in purpose and in recompense, than the little aims of whig and tory politics. The cause which it would advance is the great cause of civil society; not forgetting the weak, the indigent, and the friendless;—apart from this object, it has no interests to promote, no triumphs to pursue. This is a holy warfare, where there is neither vengeance nor bitterness to gratify:

Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

We will conclude with a few lines from the pamphlet:

"We have purposely abstained from dwelling on the improvement which this system of colonization might effect in the moral condition of the poorer classes in Britain, or on the wonderful rapidity with which, by calling millions and hundreds of millions into existence, it might people the desert regions of the globe. Such speculations, however grateful, are unsuited to the present occasion. We have confined ourselves to statements and arguments which may be submitted to the test of rational inquiry. Any man, inquiring with a single desire to find the truth, may readily convince himself whether or not the proposed selection of emigrants would prevent all undesirable increase of people in the mother country, and, at the same time, cause the greatest possible increase of people in the colonies;—whether or not the proposed concentration of the colonists would tend to their wealth and civilization, would furnish the greatest amount of employment for labour, and the largest fund for conveying labour to the market. These are questions in the science of public economy, which must be speedily decided. If they should be decided in the affirmative, it must inevitably follow, that the measure in question, being well administered, would save the greater part of the poor-rate of England, and prevent, in Ireland, the still greater evil of pauperism without poor laws; that it would occasion a great and constant increase of the demand for British manufactures; that it would extinguish slavery in South Africa, by the substitution of free labour; and that it would enable the most extensive British colonies to defray the entire cost of their own government and protection. Moreover, if the principles of the suggested measure be sound, the measure may be adopted—not only upon any scale, that is, by degrees, so as to render its adoption perfectly easy, but also without harm to any, and with benefit to all,—without the least injury to a single person, and with definable and manifest advantage to the poor, both those who should remove, and those who should remain; to the landlords, farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and shipowners, of Britain; to the colonists of every class, but more especially to the land-owners and merchants; and, finally, to both the domestic and the colonial governments. We beg the reader to observe, that these conclusions are stated hypothetically. The accuracy of the conclusions depends on the truth of the principles which it is our wish rather to submit for examination, than to assert with confidence; but if those conclusions should turn out to be founded on reason and truth, it will be acknowledged, that objects more important were never sought by more simple means." p. 67-8.

The Three Histories: The History of an Enthusiast; The History of a Nonchalant; The History of a Realist. By Maria Jane Jewsbury. 8vo. London, 1830. Westley & Davis.

THE volume before us bears the strong impress of a highly sensitive and cultivated mind, enriched with very extensive information, and full of feeling and poetry. We are not only delighted with the striking talent displayed in these histories, but also with the evidence they contain of a store of wealth yet unfolded. The first story is the History of an Enthusiast, and is exquisitely written. The heroine, Julia, is a creature highly intellectual,—her thoughts seem all poetic dreams, and these are expressed in language both bold and beautiful. Images and similes are scattered amid the flow of diction, like blossoms on an enchanted stream.

Our limits prevent us from giving such an outline of the tale as it deserves, and, unwilling to give detached passages from a production which, as a whole, is so full of interest, we refer our readers to the story, assuring them that their curiosity will be well rewarded, and content ourselves with the following brief sketch of it.

The disappointment of an attachment formed in early life, and nurtured, unconscious of its strength, which is only developed when she discovers that the object of her love is married to another, induces Julia to abandon the theatre of her fame and of her delight—the fashionable coteries of London, where she had long been the *lion of the blues*, and in a state of morbid sensibility to leave England, to seek for that happiness abroad, in the *sunny fields of Italy*, which her over-excited imagination had rendered her for ever incapable of enjoying.

Our fair author, we think, would infer that splendid talents in woman are not compatible with her happiness—we believe differently. Woman is not less happy, and surely not less beloved, because heaven has blessed her with genius; it is only when, scorning the softer affections of her own sex, she aspires to the less amiable and more ambitious feelings of man, that genius becomes the thorn “to prick and sting her,”—it is only then (at least this is our reading of the word) that she becomes a *blue*, and not because she has superlative genius—*real enthusiasm*—or even great learning.

The other characters in the tale are excellently drawn.—Mrs. Carhampton is admirable, and the “winsome wee wife,” Annette, we love for her perfect happiness.

The second story is *The Nonchalant*. We confess that we cannot divine why it is thus called, but we will not quarrel with the name of a work, on which on all other accounts we feel much disposed to bestow unqualified praise. It is a beautiful story, developed in highly-polished language, at once forcible and appropriate. The art of an able and practised writer is combined with the freshness and interest of an original thinker. We shall support this opinion by two or three extracts, which, while they justify our own views, will afford our readers an insight into the plot of the story itself and the characters who figure in it. The nonchalant tells his own tale, and gives the following account of himself and of the nature and causes of his indifference:—

“I should never have been a Nonchalant had I not first been a sceptic, and I scarcely think I should have become a sceptic, if those who instructed me in religion had remembered that I possessed affections and reason, no less than conscience, and that in the child there existed the rudiments of manhood.

“I do not by scepticism mean a fixed philosophical disbelief of Christianity in all its points; still less do I mean a sentiment of hatred towards its requirements;—mine is not the exhaustion left by a career of indulged passions, or a life of gross wrong-doing; and that iron energy of intellect which renders a man a thorough thinker, either for better or worse, for truth or error, I never possessed. I call myself a nonchalant, because my affections are profoundly, if placidly, indifferent to all objects of earthly desire; and sceptical, because the entire aspect, history, and complexion of my mind is—DOUBT. I think, but I cannot bring any one thought to a satisfactory conclusion, and may be said, with regard to facts, to live in an atmosphere of floating opinions. I consider Poetry in the light of a magnificent lie; History ranks with a bundle of old newspapers; and Science strikes me as a series of splendid conjectures. I observe that the principles of one party are the prejudices of another; the truth for which this man is willing to die, is to that, falsehood deserving persecution; vice and virtue have an existence

independent of doctrinal belief; and the deist and the devotee do not contradict each other more than each contradicts himself. Observing all this, and having greatly suffered from it, I am come at last to be certain of nothing but the uncertainty of all things, and to consider doubt as the alpha and omega of existence. I am neither a searcher after happiness, nor am I engaged in the pursuit of truth; the former, I *know* does not exist for me, and though I cannot help fancying that the latter must exist somewhere, yet, like the problem for squaring the circle, I conceive the knowledge of that somewhere to be still wanting. This is a painful condition; for with few hopes, it is possible to be harassed by many fears, and to have a vague, awkward feeling of responsibility, rendering one almost envious of the brutes, since with them belief is not requisite.” p. 195—97.

To complete this self-drawn portrait, we must turn over a few pages, to passages in which we find a few brighter colours laid on the picture. These are so brilliant and glowing, indeed, as almost to raise a doubt if such an original could ever become a nonchalant:—

“My classical education had so modified my tastes, that it was not wise suddenly to place me in a position totally opposed to them. My bias lay towards accomplishments, travelling, general literature, the fine arts, languages: I desired to be a man of letters, an artist—anything but what I was intended for. The refined and subtle countymen of Pericles and Phidias were the objects of my enthusiastic admiration. The old Romans never stirred me so much; they were less versatile and brilliant, whilst more commanding and energetic; they had more English good sense. But the Greeks—their remains—their records—their climate! Ah, how often did I wish I had lived with Alcibiades, and been one of the people whose national idea was *BEAUTY*! With my imagination teeming with such visions, and with a susceptible rather than strong character, I was taken from school, and at seventeen commenced my mercantile discipline. I was silent, obedient, and unhappy. * * * For music I had a passion; listening to it was like standing beneath a fruit-tree in May, and feeling myself suddenly covered with a shower of blossoms. I had also a taste for paintings, but sculpture I adored; it struck me as more refined, more supernatural, more apart from common life. I admired it so much, that I half wished for the restoration of the mythology that gave it birth. The severe and spiritual aspect of Christianity displeased my imagination—the tree might be strong and deeply rooted, but to me it ‘wanted the soft luxury of summer foliage.’ The operation of these dispositions effectually prepared me for love and scepticism, and I fell under the influence of both, though not exactly at the same time.” p. 206—10.

The father of our unhappy nonchalant had been instrumental, unwittingly of course, for he was a loving parent, in producing this unfortunate state of mind. The first paragraph of the sentence implied as much; but we are induced nevertheless to exhibit the picture of the father, in order to show our fair author’s talent at contrasting:—

“My father was a leading member of one of the strictest Christian sects, and he had the double ambition of making me rich in this world’s goods, and rigid in the faith he most conscientiously believed. A man of inviolable integrity, simple in his habits, and somewhat severe in his judgments—I question whether in his life he ever doubted, or ever after reaching manhood disobeyed the injunctions of his conscience, or ever thoroughly sympathized with weakness in another. Religion, business, and politics, he considered the only subjects worthy the attention of a man of sense. The newspaper instructed him in his politics; the authors be-

longing to his own body satisfied him with regard to his religion, and a very large establishment in Watling-street engrossed him in the way of business. General literature he neglected, because he regarded taste and imagination with suspicion and dislike. They were the Canaanites of the mind. Substituting the Bible for the Koran, he held pretty much with the Caliph Omar, and had Alexandria contained a dozen libraries, he would have burned them all with as little compunction. A bright, vigilant, black eye; a high forehead, somewhat narrow and wrinkled; rather a stately carriage; of a tall, slender figure; a slow, methodical step; a full, steady voice; and an invariable suit of black, completed the exterior portrait of my father.” p. 200-1.

Such an *enthusiast* as the *nonchalant* has described himself, was ill suited, it will be foreseen to occupy a high stool in the counting-house of a rigid, sectarian, and money-making father. Accident releases him from his thralldom: we find him in Rome. At the fountain of Egeria, he meets with a being, of whom we may say, indeed, that neither as to voice nor form is she mortal—she must be a divinity. As a fair sample of *beau idéal*, and as a specimen of clever writing, albeit something too elaborate, we present the portrait of the heroine of the tale, who, after the spot in which she was first seen by her lover, is called Egeria. It will complete the family collection:—

“Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute; but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. She was lovely without being beautiful; her movements were features; and if a blind man had been privileged to pass his hand over the silken length of hair, that when unbraided flowed around her like a veil, he would have been justified in expecting softness and a love of softness, beauty and a perception of beauty, to be distinctive traits of her mind. Nor would he have been deceived. Her birth, her education, but above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the ethereal, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life—it touched all things, but like a sunbeam, touched them with a ‘golden finger.’ Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her; her knowledge was extensive and various, but true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound; there was no room in her mind for philosophy, or in her heart for ambition—one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. She had a passive temper, but decided tastes; any one might influence, but very few impressed her. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections; these would sometimes make her weep at a word, at others imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a ‘falcon-hearted dove,’ and ‘a reed shaken with the wind.’ Her voice was a sad, sweet melody, and her spirits reminded me of an old poet’s description of the orange-tree, with its

“Golden lamps hid in a night of green,” or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if in her depression she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe, and describe for ever, but I should never succeed in portraying Egeria; she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman,—the Italy of human beings. Is it wonderful that I soon loved, even to idolatry, a being so contrasted with my former home and habits, yet appealing so exquisitely to my imagination, and fulfilling

my visions? If it appear wonderful that she loved me, I can only say that it was so; yet nevertheless she gave me her whole heart, and never repented having done so. Her brother was kind and affectionate with all brotherly kindness; but he was attached to a young Italian lady, who had of course the first place in his thoughts: besides, he was irritable, generous, but not always gentle, and his occasional starts of temper made his sister somewhat fear him. I was to her a refuge, she was to me a life and presence, and we loved, regardless of the future: the new joy of a new care intoxicated my fancy; and she, happy in to-day, left, with the child's wisdom, to-morrow to itself. For the first time I felt what it was to live; and yet though we cultivated our tastes, refined our pleasures to the verge of fastidiousness, steeped our spirits in imaginative love, and fed our minds with intellectual beauty, we did not strengthen each other. Sometimes I felt this, and then gloomy fears, and spectral visions of pain and poverty would darken our sunny atmosphere. My father—my home—his certain displeasure—the imprudence, if not graver fault, of marrying without asking his permission;—when I dwell on these things I was miserable. At such moments I half determined to return home and tell the whole truth, entreat permission to unite myself to the object of my affections, and faithfully promise to apply myself to business, like one who determines to be no longer a child. But then I must leave Egeria, and how did I know I should ever be permitted to return? what reason had I to suppose that my father would forego his prejudices,—moral, national, and religious? My heart died within me—I recapitulated my apprehensions—they outweighed my hopes—

But in the depths of those beloved eyes
Still I saw—Follow, Follow;

I married Egeria, and then wrote to my father and Guise Stuart." p. 231—34.

In these letters, the nonchalant committed a fault very common to persons in his situation, in the world of romance at least. To his real friend he told a false tale; he placed his confidence in his false friend. Guise Stuart, in fact, was a selfish traitor, a kind of Rashleigh Oshaldiston. He deceived his patron, and persuaded him that his son and Egeria had formed a profligate connexion. Hence the displeasure of the father, the withholding of funds, and much misery endured by the devoted couple. We find them in England, but Egeria proves too delicate a being for this world. The description of her last hours, and of the subsequent meeting of the father and son as she lay a corpse, is so beautiful and affecting, that we cannot reconcile ourselves to the omission of the passage which contains it:—

"My beloved one never even mentioned the land of her nativity; never contrasted our skies, our palaces, our streets, with the glorious ones she had loved so well, till loving me better, she left them. The perception of beauty had not left her, but it had transfigured itself into affection, and gave brightness to objects from which it would otherwise have shrunk with pain. When no longer able to leave her room, I used to call her, in sad sport, my captive princess; and she, in allusion to the costly flowers that, at any pains or expence, I constantly procured her, would bless the gaoler, whose fetters where so fragrant and so soft. Yes, we beguiled each other with the fancies of love, with remembrances of our past happy union, with poetic visions, and elysian speculations concerning the dead—whether in their long sleep they dream of the living—whether their spirits ever float back to earth, and unseen by the remembered ones hover round them in the still, soft midnight; and if so, whether we might not again experience an interwoven existence. Vainly precious dreams!—bright melting mists!—ethereal dying sounds! They beautified sorrow—they garlanded pain—

they made death, like the Indian Cupid, string his bow with honey-bees, but they could not avert the arrow—it pierced the heart still. Egeria died, and I might not die with her. She died, and her remains were guarded with reverent affection; I closed her eyes myself; our humble friends shrouded her sweet form for the sepulchre; when the chamber was prepared, I went in and sat beside her couch, as if its occupant were only asleep, and I watching for the moment when I might say as heretofore, 'How is it with thee, love!' I forbade the room to be darkened and then rendered gloomily light with tapers; an alabaster vase, filled with fresh and brilliant flowers, was placed at the bed's foot, and in the bitterness of my spirit I loved their mockery of man. They were an epitaph prepared by nature. It was the summer time, and throughout the night I sat alone with my dead, none daring to disturb the quiet of my grief, the communion of my soul with the departed. The whole house was hushed as if itself a grave, for those below shed their tears in silence. I shed none; I only looked so steadfastly on the mortal marble before me, that at times I trusted I was changing to its semblance; but when I kissed the lips that could not now return the pressure, I felt that a gulf of existence yet remained between us. At length, on the morning of the second day, the deep silence that surrounded me was suddenly broken, and I felt a new, strange sense of pain and anger. I heard voices in eager conversation below, and presently afterwards, a slow, energetic step on the stairs; the idea of intrusion glanced through my mind, but I was like one chained, who wills to move and cannot. The door of the chamber opened—I turned my head and saw my father. I knew him instantly, but his presence awoke no emotion, not even surprise. I regarded him for a moment with a vacant look, then resumed my former attitude, and gazed as before on the dead. The old man looked at us both in silence; then he grasped my hand, bent down his head and kissed me; I heard him sob convulsively, and felt my face wetted with his tears.

"Speak to me, my son," said he; "speak to your father."

"I pointed to Egeria—'Why were you not hers?' Pronouncing these few words seemed to break up the fountains of my spirit, hitherto sealed; consciousness, memory, anguish, madness, burst over me at once; and the frozen calm was succeeded by passionate tears, and loud and bitter lamentations. 'Why are you here?—why are you here now?—leave me with my dead wife, as you would have left me to pine in want with her when living—she who was fit for a princely mate, and yet loved me—the first—last—only being who ever blessed me with love. I want no money now—no father—no friend; it was for her I would have been your menial—for her, I say—where is she now? Oh, Death! Death!—take me too—take me from this cold and cruel world, where no one is left that loves me! Old man, leave me with my dead—are the living like her?'"

"As patiently as a mother soothes an infant, my father suffered me to exhaust myself in broken exclamations of anger against him, and love for the departed; when I became calm, he spoke to me in the language of endearment, still interrupted by sobs and tears. The scriptural figure was exactly illustrated, for he mourned over me, and was in bitterness, as one mourneth over an only son: whilst the reproaches he pronounced against himself, and the tender regret he expressed for me, were rendered touching in the extreme, by his white locks and furrowed cheeks. 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'who now shall trust in friend or brother, since a father's heart has been turned against his first-born; since age has given ear to the words of a deceiver, and hid himself from his own flesh!'"

Alas! my son, I have seemed cruel to thee as an ostrich of the desert; but I loved thee, my own boy, and all I did, I esteemed for thy welfare! Woe, woe to the deceiver!—to him who spoiled when he was not spoiled, and dealt treacherously when we dealt not treacherously with him; when he shall cease to spoil he shall be spoiled, and when he shall make an end to deal treacherously, others shall deal treacherously with him!" * * *

The lyre of our fair authoress appears to have become here a little out of tune. She strains the strings anew, however, after a few sentences; but our limits will not admit of our following her further in her song. We therefore conclude by saying, that there is more thought, more feeling, more taste, and more knowledge, expended in this story, from which we have quoted so largely, than would serve for the manufacture of many popular three-volume novels.

THE EAST INDIA QUESTION.

India, or Facts to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants. Part III. By R. Rickards, Esq. London, 1830. Smith, Elder & Co.

[Continuation from last Number.]

THE proofs adduced by Mr. Rickards of the oppressions to which the unfortunate Ryots are subjected by the operation of the financial system, are drawn from very unquestionable sources; namely, from the official reports of the judges and magistrates on the state of their respective circles. These reports were made in pursuance of a command from the Bengal Government, which, convinced of the exactions to which the Ryots were subject from Zemindars and others, called on their provincial officers to make those necessary inquiries and statements, and to suggest the mode by which, in their opinion, the correction of the abuses might be best effected. The facts detailed in these reports, disclose curious examples of a most atrocious system of misrule. The magistrate of Rungpore, for instance, speaking of the exactions under which the peasantry of that and the neighbouring province of Dinagore suffered, reports, among others, the following practices of the Zemindars:—

"One of them, Rajchunder Chowdry, bought a house at Rungpore, which cost 4100 rupees (512*l.*) It is a notorious fact that Rajchunder Chowdry collected from the Ryots of his estate, to defray this expense, no less a sum than 11,000 rupees (1375*l.*), under the bold item of Delan Khurthu (house or hall money)."

"The same Zemindar expended 1200 rupees (150*l.*) on the ceremonies attending the birth of his grandson, and collected from his Ryots 5000 rupees (625*l.*) on this account."

"Another Zemindar, Sudasheb Raee, had his house burned down. He imposed an addition on the rent-roll of his estate to defray the expense of rebuilding it; but having once established the exaction, it outlived the cause, and became a permanent addition to the former rent, under the title of Ghur Bunae (house building)."

"Moonshee Himayutoollah, once Serishtadar of the judge's court, and late Dewan of the collectorship, bought a very large estate in Dinagore. In a visit of ceremony to his new tenants, he collected from them, in Mangun contributions, a full moiety of the purchase money."

"Himayutoollah had also occasion to buy an elephant, and exacted the cost, 500 rupees (62*l.* 10*s.*) from his Ryots, it being 'as essential to their respectability, as his own, that he should no longer mount the back of so mean a quadruped as a horse.'"

"Another Zemindar, Raee Danishnund Niteanund, has very extensive estates in Rungpore, Dinagore, and Moorshedabad. On his Rungpore estate alone he pays a revenue to

Government of 69,742 rupees (8742L.), and collects a cess on his tenants of one anna in the rupee, or 4358 rupees (544L.) per annum to defray the expense of daily offerings to his idol, or household god, Bunwarce." 72-4.

Mr. Rickards concludes his list of exactions, by the following pertinent reflections on the inefficiency of all regulations and enactments for putting a stop to these crying evils:—

"If these oppressions were of partial or rare occurrence, it might be thought invidious, or betraying a spirit of vulgar hostility to drag into public notice the peccadillos of a fair system, which in such case would amount to nothing more than another proof of the truism, that no human institution is perfect; but when the public records attest the universal prevalence of these monstrous abuses—when they are found to occur far and near—not only in remote and obscure corners, but at the very doors of our metropolis, in spite of multiplied enactments and regulations to restrain the violence—when we see the Court of Directors pressing the subject of 'protection to the Ryots' on their governments abroad for upwards of half a century, and that the ablest and best of their servants have, to this hour, failed in their endeavours to accomplish it—can we be otherwise than convinced that the operation of this baneful system is too powerful for the operation of law? and that in the arrangements which must shortly take place for the future administration of India, it will be the duty of the legislature to provide more effectually for the security and comfort of this most important class of their Indian subjects? But if the numerous laws hitherto enacted prove ineffectual, ought it not to suggest to us some distrust in the capacity of Europeans, with all their admitted superiority of talent and political science, for the performance of the task? and if our own peculiar habits and acquirements unfit us for the duty of exclusively legislating for a people differing from us as widely in manners, as in geographical position, does not reason point out the advisableness of drawing more copiously on that fund of sagacity, acuteness, local experience, and minute knowledge of the morals and habits of the people, which we have at our command in native aid?" 78-9.

In every page of his work, Mr. Rickards supports the threefold character of the patriot, and philanthropist, and political pilot. His book is a brilliant Pharos, erected at a vast cost of labour, to guide our progress through the dark and uncertain ocean of Indian affairs. It contains, in fact, more detailed information on points of vital interest, dissecting, as it were, for British inspection, the very body of our administrative system in India, than can be collected from all the publications in our Asiatic territories, that have issued during the last century from the presses of the United Kingdom, Bengal, Bombay, and Madras put together.

Who can read the following passage without sympathising with the sufferings of the unfortunate *malguzar* under the finance system and its abuses?

"But a still more lamentable consequence resulted in these collectorships. It is officially certified that *owners of estates the annual Jamma of which amounted to 1,500,000 rupees, (187,500L.) had, in despair, abandoned their property from utter inability to pay the OVER ASSESSMENT.*

"A more cruel case of destitution can hardly be imagined. Hundreds, nay thousands, of landed proprietors, in different parts, are thus driven, by the overstrained zeal of aspiring collectors, to relinquish patrimonies which, in many instances, are more cherished by the possessors than life itself. Consequence, rank (for the meanest societies have their distinctions), official power, independence, and even the ordinary means of support, are sacrificed to an all-devour-

ing Moloch, clothed in the garb of public revenue. But the misery of the suffering landlord, who lives to witness the arbitrary transfer of his hereditary rights, his place and power to another—to feel all the injustice of the act—to bear in silence the consciousness of its being wholly undeserved—and to hear the daily lamentations of a family around him, whose wants he may no longer be enabled to relieve—is still not the fullest extent of the calamity inflicted. If the recusing proprietor be, as is generally the case, a *Malguzar*, or head man put forward as the representative of a village community, or of co-partners in a joint estate, his place is supplied by a stranger—a merciless farmer, perhaps, of the public revenue,—who has no feeling for any one connected with the estate, and whose only chance of continuance in office, or of benefit to himself, lies in indiscriminate extortion. Extraordinary contributions are accordingly forced out of the joint owners, whose poverty compels them in turn to have recourse to the Ryots. But the Ryots have already supplied their last farthing to the exigencies of the state. According to a common saying of their own, 'their skins only are left to them.' And thus by gradation, from rank to rank, the oppression descends in all its force through every branch of the community; for the revenue must, if possible, be realized; and attempts to enforce it are seldom, if ever, relinquished, until starvation, universal distress, and irrecoverable defalcations, proclaim the dream of 'improvement' to be mere delusion." 146-8.

As the time is rapidly approaching when the merits of this question must be put to the test, and in presence of an anxious people, tried by lords and commons: when, in fact, the struggle between the nation and the chartered company must be decided on the senatorial arena of the state, we cannot too strenuously recommend this portion of Mr. Rickards' labours to the very serious attention of every man who has a voice in the legislature of the country, be he Peer or Commoner, who feels honestly intent on pronouncing a just verdict on a question, which involves, in a greater or less degree, the interests, rights, and privileges of every British subject. On that question, the welfare and well-being, possibly the emancipation from the horrors of the most turpid destitution, and most degrading idolatry, of a countless multitude of Pagans essentially depend! That on a question so exceedingly momentous—a question compared to which the abolition of the slave-trade, however glorious, and even the boasted emancipation of Ireland, dwindle into subordinate importance,—every statesman will firmly resolve to do his duty according to the best of his judgment, and conscientiously to give his vote without leaning to the right hand or to the left, is hardly to be doubted. A sordid or corrupt decision on such a question, would attach an indelible stigma on the escutcheon of any man, and render him unworthy and unfit to serve his country in any honourable capacity. But should any one require to be stimulated to do his duty, let him peruse attentively the work before us; he will find in it abundant incentives. Surely the state of things disclosed in the following passage, would alone urge him to raise his voice for the putting an end to a system, the effects of which are a scandal to British rule:—

"But besides the impracticability of our Indian system, its instigating all classes of the Company's servants, from local collectors up to the government itself, to hasty augmentations of the public impost, is here peculiarly fatal. The disposition to increase revenue is, no doubt, common enough to all human governments; but in countries taxed, for example, like England, additional burdens are always professed, and generally sought, to be imposed in the way least onerous to the community at large. But this is

an alternative of which India is deprived. In India, from the system we have adopted, one only source of taxation is presented—land; and to overload agricultural industry in a country not yet, or but little, advanced (like our eastern possessions) beyond the art of raising raw produce, is to make certain provision for its stationary, if not retrograde, condition; to shut out every chance of improvement, and to oppose the most effectual barrier that can be applied to the natural progress of human prosperity.

"Of all the effects too resulting from this destructive system, there is none more obvious than its preventing the possibility of accumulating capital; through which alone can the agriculture of the country be improved. At present, the stock of a Ryot consists of a plough not capable of cutting deep furrows, and only intended to scratch the surface of the soil, with two or three pairs of half-starved oxen. This, a sickle used for a scythe, and a spade or small hoe for weeding, constitute almost his only implements of husbandry. Faggots of loose sticks bound together serve for a harrow. Carts are little used in a country where there are no roads, or none but bad ones. Corn, when reaped, is heaped in a careless pile in the open air, to wait the Ryot's leisure for threshing; which is performed not by manual labour, but the simple operation of cattle treading it out from the ear. A Ryot has no barns for stacking or storing grain, which is preserved, when required, in jars of unbaked earth, or baskets made of twigs or grass. The cattle are mostly fed in the jungle, or common waste land adjoining his farm, and buffaloes, thus supported, generally supply him with milk. Horses are altogether disused in husbandry. The fields have no enclosures. Crops on the ground are guarded against the depredations of birds and wild beasts by watchmen, for whose security a temporary stage is erected, hardly worth a shilling. Irrigation is performed by means of reservoirs, intended to retain the water periodically falling from the heavens, and of dams constructed or placed in convenient situations. In some places, water is raised from wells either by cattle or by hand. A rotation of crops, on which so much stress is laid in Europe, is unknown in India. A course extending beyond the year is never thought of by Indian Ryots. Different articles are often grown together in the same field, in which the object always is to obtain the utmost possible produce without the least regard to the impoverishment of the soil. The dung of cattle is carefully collected for fuel after being dried in the sun, and never used for manure. Oil-cake is used for manure in sugarcane plantations, and for some other articles; but corn-fields are mostly left to their own natural fertility, and often worked to exhaustion without compunction. In some situations near the sea, decayed fish is used as a manure for rice-grounds; but it is seldom permitted where authority can be interposed, as the stench of it is intolerable.

"In a country like India, where the heat of the climate is great, the construction of tanks, or wells, for the purpose of irrigation, is one of the most useful purposes to which agricultural capital can be applied. Wells and tanks are sometimes constructed, or repaired, by the labour or industry of Ryots, but most commonly at the expense of Government. It has been remarked that where Zemindars have been enabled to accumulate gains, they never apply them to the improvement of lands subject to the public revenue. Where Zemindars have been known to construct works of the above description, they are merely designed to increase the fertility of lands held free.

"But, generally speaking, so entire is the want of capital in India, as well in arts and manufactures as in agriculture, that every mechanic or artisan not only conducts the whole process

of his art, from the formation of his tools to the sale of his production; but, where husbandry is so simple a process, turns cultivator for the support of himself and family. He thus divides his time, and labour, between the loom and the plough; thereby multiplying occupations fatal to the improvement of either.

"In this universal state of poverty, manufacturers always require advances of money to enable them to make up the article in demand; whilst Ryots have frequently been known, sometimes for anticipated payments, and sometimes for their own expenses, to borrow money on the security of growing crops at 3, 4, and 5 per cent. per mensem." p. 196—200.

An examination of Mr. Rickards' facts and arguments are enough to satisfy those who are most prejudiced in favour of the East India Company, that the liberation of India from the onerous yoke of the charter as now framed, is highly expedient, equally for the general benefit of these kingdoms, and the amelioration of our eastern dominions. And at all events, if the legislature shall be deaf to the general cry, and determine on the renewal of the charter, a free trade to India and to China, upon such a basis as shall not put slavish manacles on British commerce, and chain down British and Asiatic enterprise, will, we trust, be fully recognized and established. The cause of the country suing for the abolition or ample modification of the charter, is fully demonstrated by our author, (who is unquestionably qualified to decide,) to be the cause also of justice and of humanity—and who can hesitate to range himself on that side?

In the concluding part of his work on India, which is yet to come, Mr. Rickards, it is to be hoped, will enter fully into the practical advantages expected to result from the abolition of the charter, without indulging himself too much in episodes and digressions, which merely tend to disturb the attention of the reader, and fix an unnecessary tax upon his pocket. That, under wise and liberal regulations, an immense field may be opened by the dissolution of that anomalous *imperium in imperio*, which has so long been accounted a standing miracle, and a standing reproach, most detrimental to this commercial country, is one of those facts which no man in Europe whose faith is not influenced by exposure to the acrid air of the India House, could reasonably doubt after reading the already published volumes of Mr. Rickards' work. It remains for him to indicate the facilities that may, by suitable measures, be created for the mutual improvement and extension of commercial intercourse between the two countries. That, under judicious enactments, the condition of a hundred millions of human beings may be extremely ameliorated, is a deduction which the book before us establishes beyond a doubt: and that such a population may at the same time be progressively encouraged and enabled to absorb the products of British labour, in all its manufacturing ramifications, to an infinite and incalculable extent, is, we verily believe, notwithstanding all the absurdity that has been so gravely advanced on the "simplicity and immutability" of the Hindoo, a position by no means visionary. It has been objected that the Asiatic wants but little; to which we reply, that he wants little because his means are little: but facilitate his power of acquisition, and his wants will immediately keep pace with it. Improve the condition of the oppressed Ryot; abate the swarms of daroghas, dehdars, toties, posbauns, putwaries, chowdries, amceens, tehsildars, &c., who prey incessantly upon his very vitals and keep him in a state of exhaustion, and soon all the ironworks and manufactories in Great Britain, with their myriads of artificers, would scarcely suffice to supply the implements of agriculture that would be in demand for the cultivation of hundreds of millions of acres! A scratch plough, with a

rude wooden coulter, and half a dozen faggots for a harrow, form actually the sum total of his gear!

The public has not been directed to the consideration of the *turn-over*, which will be required on the breaking up of the charter. That turn-over will present many difficulties; but none of sufficient magnitude to discourage the plan which the nation has so much at heart. The company is rich in local *materiel*; their forts, their barracks, their cruisers, their oxen, camels, and elephants, their arsenals and powder-mills, and many other territorial *features*, will place a sum of many millions to our debit. But it is high time to quit this vitally momentous subject. In doing this we shall take leave of this truly valuable work by one more quotation, which attests the capacity of the natives:—

"That the reader may judge for himself in a matter of so much importance to this country, and to India, I annex in the Appendix, specimens of the writings of sundry natives. These documents will show that I have not over-rated their talents, or their powers. The letters, here produced, are a few which have casually fallen into my hands. Multitudes of others, of the same description, might be produced. It will be seen that these could never have been written for publication; most of them being in the free chit-chat strain of epistolary intercourse. Let the reader, therefore, carefully peruse these simple proofs; and then ask himself what evidence they contain of natural incapacity. It may be doubted whether these productions could, in purity of composition, be equalled, they certainly could not be surpassed, by the most enlightened foreigners of Europe.

"With all these facts before us—with the sincerest conviction of my own mind of their importance, as well as truth—I now again appeal to the constituted authorities in England; and solemnly say, Beware! Recollect, Gentlemen, that 'knowledge is power.' You have now laid the foundation of it among an acute and intellectual people. Its diffusion is inevitable. The schoolmaster is abroad with his primer, pursuing a course which no power of man can hereafter arrest. A light is now rising in the East, destined to attain meridian strength and splendour, and to 'shine more and more unto the perfect day.' Through the medium of schools, literary meetings, and printed books, all the learning, and the science, of Europe will be greedily imbibed, and securely domiciled, by the Hindoos of India. Knowledge, Gentlemen, is power. The immortal tree is at length planted in India; and if its growth be skillfully directed, may yield to Britain the fruits of everlasting honour, and of permanent prosperity. But beware of error; and, above all, beware of injustice; for deviation into these crooked paths will now be fatal, and may shake the props of your own imperial existence to their very base. You have now reigned over India for upwards of half a century; but, however good your intentions, you have persevered in a system not to be reconciled with reason, with justice, or humanity: and for which you have no better apology, than that it was the system of your barbarous predecessors. Your institutions *must* be reformed. The natives of India will soon learn, if they know not already, all the errors and inapplicability of your system. They have long felt its overwhelming pressure." p. 386—8.

We cannot dismiss this notice without guarding our readers against a conclusion that the praise which we have bestowed on Mr. Rickards' work, implies an implicit acquiescence in all his opinions—that we find no *shades* in this estimable publication. His general design may indeed be pronounced excellent. He evinces great penetration—his whole work presents a stupendous monument, which will deserve to excite the admiration of future generations, when the

charter, the directors, and the East India Company, are completely passed away. There is an integrity of purpose, an internal evidence of his having surveyed the intricate elements of our Asiatic administration in all their bearings, as well as the manners, feelings, degradation, and miseries of the natives in all their varieties, which do honour to his heart, and will immortalize his name. He comes before us under all the advantages and lustre of a fair reputation, great experience and ability, dignified with a wonderful knowledge of his subject. But his language should have been more condensed—we object to prolixity: where information forms the grand desideratum, the main object of public attention, we require the *multum in parvo*. The story of Cass Chitby is not the less tedious and wearisome, because it is given as an "*ex uno disce omnes*;"—it is too much dilated. In such a work, written at such a time, and expressly on such an occasion, we are offended at the uncalled for display of those Greeks, Romans, Saxons, Egyptians, Saracens, Goths, Huns and Germans, whom Mr. Rickards, not without temerity, has thought proper ostentatiously to press into his service. This gives an air of meretricious consecration to his pages, neither in good taste, nor in harmony with his subject.

In marshalling our forces against the renewal of the charter, we have no spleen nor malice to gratify: on principle we consider it inexpedient, and nationally objectionable. But we shall never prostitute our columns by descending to the contemptible custom, becoming every day more fashionable, of painting the East India Company in frightful and disgusting colours. The public will be impatient for the *fifth* part of Mr. Rickards' India, which, from the topics announced for discussion, will be received with intense avidity. In our anxiety to avoid Scylla, we must take care not to fall into the jaws of Charybdis! If the dissolution of the charter must inevitably throw India and all the patronage of India, without barrier or restrictions, into the hands of ministers, then, it might be prudent to pause! The acquisition by the government of such an extension of patronage, would unquestionably be a great evil. It would enable any corrupt and profligate minister, who might at some future period wield the destinies of the state, to subvert our liberties and ruin our constitution.

LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.
VOL. V. PART II.

The New Zealanders. London. 1830. Knight.

We hasten to gratify the curiosity which, we imagine, will be felt by most of our readers, on perceiving the title prefixed to this article, to know the sequel of the history of the tattooed Englishman, to whose adventures so large a portion of the columns of the *Athenæum*† was devoted on the appearance of Part I. of the account of the *New Zealanders*. This we shall do in a few words.

John Rutherford, after his installation as a chief and marriage with the two daughters of Aimy, for several years passed a life of considerable uniformity, or at any rate met with no adventures which he deemed worth recording. The only variations from the regular routine of his life, occurred when he accompanied the tribe with which he was associated in their warlike expeditions. In these he was attended by his eldest wife Epeka, to whom, as senior, the privilege of being her husband's companion on such occasions belonged, by custom of the country. Several slaves employed in carrying provisions made up the suite of the chief. On the meeting of his party with their foes, he was not required or expected to take part in the battle. In one of

† See No. 126, p. 178.

these expeditions, Rutherford had an interview with a white man, a native of Port Jackson, who having deserted from a British sloop of war, the *Tees*, had voluntarily joined the savages and become a denizen among them. He accompanied the party now assembled by appointment to contend with that of Aimy. The leader of that party was Shungie, one of the chiefs who visited England in 1820, and was presented to the King. This man, on his return, seems to have profited by the smattering knowledge of civilization, only to become more effectively barbarous than before. Rutherford says of him, that, although he had lived two years among Europeans, he was to be considered one of the most ferocious cannibals in his native country. An interesting account of the subsequent career and end of this savage, is to be found in the latter chapters of the volume.

The author of the "New Zealanders" has detailed the expedition of Aimy and his followers to Kipara, at greater length than any of the other journeys undertaken by Rutherford, with the judicious purpose of introducing the only extant description, by an eye-witness, of a battle between two parties of natives. For the account of this fight, which is sufficiently cruel and bloody, and in which Rutherford's associates were victorious, we refer to pages 253-4 of the book itself. It was shortly after his return from the expedition to Kipara, that Rutherford had the good fortune to effect his escape. An American brig having appeared off the island, Aimy determined on attempting to possess himself of her cargo; but as it appeared doubtful whether she would approach the shore near enough to allow of the execution of his murderous design, it was agreed that Rutherford should be sent on board to decoy her. He

We are happy to be able to present our readers with a portrait of this interesting individual, in which they will find the marks made by the process of tattooing faithfully delineated.

Having thus brought to a conclusion the adventures of an Englishman among the New Zealanders, and contrasts being to the taste of the day not less in other things, we presume, than the arts, we propose laying before our readers some account of a New Zealander in England, the last of his nation, we believe, who has visited this country. He was discovered, if we may use the expression, by Dr. Traill, of Liverpool, who was called in to attend him as he lay ill of the measles at Liverpool, in the lodging of Mr. Reynolds, captain of a South Sea trader, in whose vessel he had made the voyage to England. The particulars concerning this sagacious native of New Zealand have been furnished by Dr. Traill to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. We cannot give Tupai Cupa a better introduction to our readers, than by borrowing from the book before us the account of the extraordinary manner in which he first presented himself to Captain Reynolds, and which, it is very truly observed, "strikingly evinces the intrepidity and energy of his character:—

"While the *Urania* was sailing through Cook's Strait, which, as has been mentioned, divides the two islands that constitute New Zealand,

accepted the errand joyfully, but was no sooner on deck than he warned the captain of his danger, and begged to be allowed to remain on board. His request was granted; and thus, after a residence of ten years all but two months on the island, Rutherford was restored to civilized society. During the first sixteen months of his residence in New Zealand, he had counted the days by means of notches on a stick, but had subsequently kept no reckoning, and was unacquainted with the length of time he had been an inhabitant of New Zealand, until informed of the date of his escape, which was the 9th of January, 1826.

The American captain put Rutherford on shore at Otaheite, where he entered the service of the British Consul, by whom he was employed in sawing wood. Here he was married by a Missionary to Nowyarooa, a chief woman, and was employed as an interpreter by Captain Peachy of the *Blossom* sloop of war. He embarked for England in January, 1827, under a promise to return to his wife and friends in two years. On first coming to England, he maintained himself by accompanying a travelling caravan of wonders, showing his tattooing, and telling something of his extraordinary adventures. He was exhibited in London in 1829. He disliked, however, being shown for money, which he submitted to, we are told, "principally that he might acquire a sum, in addition to what he received for his manuscript, to enable him to return to Otaheite." He has not since been heard of in this country; it is considered probable that he has accomplished his wishes. He said that he should have no hesitation in going to New Zealand: that his old companions would readily believe that he had been carried away against his inclination.



three large canoes, containing together between seventy and eighty natives, were seen making for the vessel, to the no small alarm of the crew,

who prepared, however, to give the savages a warm reception in case their intentions should prove to be hostile. As the largest canoe approached, one of the natives in it stood up, and by signs and a few words of broken English intimated his desire to be taken on board. This was Tupai Cupa. His request was refused by Captain Reynolds, who was apprehensive of some treachery; but as it was observed that there were no arms in the canoe, it was suffered to come close to the ship. On this the resolute savage, though the Captain still persisted in declining to receive him, sprang from his place among his countrymen, and in an instant was on the deck. The first thing he did after getting on board was to order the canoes to retire to some distance. This was to shew that his intentions were entirely peaceful. He then by signs not to be mistaken asked the captain for fire-arms; and when his request was refused, he immediately announced the determination he had formed of proceeding, in spite of all opposition, to England. "Go Europe," said he, "see King Georgy." Embarrassed by this resolution, the Captain, after trying in vain to persuade him to re-enter his canoe, at last ordered three of his stoutest seamen to throw him overboard. All the New Zealanders, he knew, swim well, and the canoes were still at no great distance. Tupai, however, perceived what was intended; and instantly throwing himself down on the deck, seized two ring-bolts with so powerful a hold that it was impossible to tear him away without such violence as the humanity of Captain Reynolds would not permit. When this struggle was over, the chief, for such it could no longer be doubted that he was, feeling himself to be firmly established on board, called out to his people in the canoes that he was on his way to Europe, and ordered them to return to the shore. His command was instantly obeyed. For some days Captain Reynolds made several attempts to land him on different parts of the neighbouring coast, but could not effect his object on account of the winds. In these circumstances, finding he could do no better, he gave up the expectation of getting rid of his unwelcome guest, and resolved to make his situation on board the ship as comfortable as he could. By degrees the manners of the New Zealander won the respect and attachment of the seamen; and before the vessel reached Lima they were on the best terms. At Monte Video an incident occurred which knit Tupai and Captain Reynolds in indissoluble friendship. The Captain fell overboard, and would have perished but for the intrepidity of Tupai, who plunged after him into the water, and having caught hold of him as he was sinking, supported him with the one hand, while he swam with the other, till they were both again taken on board." p. 319-20.

The object of this self-devotion on the part of Tupai, was to obtain a supply of fire-arms. His dominions in his native country it seems, judging from the description given by himself of the territory over which he ruled, exceeded in extent those of all the New Zealand chiefs with whom Europeans are acquainted. Yet in a war, in which he had been engaged with Shungie, whom we have already mentioned, and had been one of the principal among the many sufferers by the devastating proceedings of that chief, on his return from Europe with a supply of fire-arms. The two chiefs had met and fought, and Tupai was defeated. He felt the advantage which his antagonist had derived from the possession of fire-arms; and the desire of putting himself on an equality in that respect, had determined him to visit Europe. With that view he threw himself into the hands of Captain Reynolds in the manner already related.

The defeat of Tupai had been followed by consequences which made a strong impression on his mind, and the recollection of which

assisted much in developing his character to his European friends. After the battle he had taken refuge with a few of his followers in one of his pabs or hill-forts, and from this stronghold, among other atrocities committed on his people, he had seen two of his children cut up and devoured by his merciless victor. The effect which the remembrance of this horrid sight produced, as described in the account of him furnished us by the volume now before us, is as follows:—

"This horrible outrage, although he doubtless was accustomed to those scenes of frantic barbarity which are so common in the wars of his country, seems to have riven his heart with unextinguishable agony, and the memory of that hour continued to burn within him throughout every change of scene. When in England, he was greatly moved the first time he saw one of Dr. Traill's sons, a boy about four years of age. Taking the child on his knee, he kissed him and wept; and when asked the reason of this emotion, he replied that the little fellow was just the age of one of his own boys, whom he had seen killed and eaten. He then, with a voice and frame tremulous with agitation, detailed the manner in which his child was butchered; and his face assumed an expression in the highest degree terrific, when he intimated by a few hurried words, and by signs not easily misunderstood, that he had beheld his enemy scoop out its eyes and devour them. His paroxysm of grief subsided in muttered threats of vengeance; and it was evident that the hope of an approaching day of retribution was now the most cherished thought of his heart.

The following passages represent him in a milder light:—

"Although he had come to England, however, merely to obtain the means of meeting his great enemy in equal battle, he professed to be determined to discourage, on his return, those ferocious excesses with which his countrymen were wont to heighten the unavoidable horrors of war. It was customary among them, he acknowledged, to drink the warm blood of those whom they slew in fight; but he declared that he would no longer permit his own tribe to do so. Nor should he himself, he said, ever again eat raw flesh, or kill any one except in battle; but he would try to live in all respects like the white men. Notwithstanding the savage customs, indeed, in which he had been educated, Tupai gave many evidences of a naturally humane and affectionate disposition; and was besides so manifestly a man of shrewd observation and general intelligence, that it can hardly be supposed the opportunity he had of becoming acquainted with civilized life would fail to impress him forcibly with a sense of the dark and degraded condition of his own country. Whether he would have sufficient authority, or energy of character, to introduce any salutary reforms among his people when he got back to New Zealand, obliged as he would be to act alone and unsupported, and placed again in the midst of many influences unfavourable to such an attempt, may reasonably be doubted.

"During the time he remained in England, however, he was very inquisitive in regard to whatever he conceived his own country stood most in need of, among the objects which he chanced to fall in with. Dr. Traill took him several times out with him in his gig on short excursions to the country in the neighbourhood of Liverpool; and on these occasions he had many questions to ask, which he put with much sagacity. Everything relating to agriculture and smithwork especially interested him. His surprise at seeing how wheat grew and was converted into flour was as great as that which we have already mentioned as having been exhibited by the chiefs of the Bay of Islands, when Duaterra first showed them the grain he had grown, and distributed among them the cake which he

baked of it. It was found impossible to make Tupai comprehend the machinery of some of the more complicated mills he was taken to see; the only mode of communication which was practicable in the circumstances was too imperfect to enable his friends to convey to him the necessary explanations, even had he been in a condition to understand them. But on being shewn a water-mill for grinding flour, he readily perceived how the fall of water moved the great wheel, and seemed also to conceive the manner in which the motion was communicated to the upper stone. Another machine, if it may be called so, of a very different description, was perfectly level to his capacity, and not a little surprised and delighted him. This was the bow, which, as we have already stated, is, strangely enough, entirely unknown in New Zealand, addicted as the people are to fighting, and although this seems to be one of the simplest and most obvious of warlike weapons. He repeatedly practised shooting with it, and expressed much pleasure on perceiving the force with which the arrow entered its object. Some bows and arrows which were presented to him by his friends in Liverpool were carefully put up and highly prized; and although he was aware that this instrument was very inferior in efficiency to the musket, he evidently looked upon it as a substitute of no mean value.

"His surprise was extreme the first time he saw a man on horseback. He asked at once, what kind of animal it was; and seemed utterly confounded when he beheld the rider leisurely dismount and walk away. He would often mention how greatly this had astonished him. When he became more familiar with the phenomenon he expressed a wish to get on horseback himself; and, having mounted, he was at first quite delighted to find the animal walking about with him; but on his chancing to slacken the reins, the horse set off, and poor Tupai was quickly thrown to the ground with some violence, a catastrophe he was by no means prepared for.

"Dr. Traill carried him one day to see a review of a regiment of dragoons, a spectacle of course altogether to his taste. The gay appearance of the troops—their evolutions in making a charge—and the command which the men exercised over their horses,—all drew from him the warmest expressions of wonder and delight. Having asked to whom they belonged, and having been told to King George, he inquired if the king had many more such warriors? and on being informed that he had a great many more, he immediately exclaimed, 'why then he not give Tupai musquetry and swordy?' expressing at the same time his readiness to pay liberally for such commodities in spars and flax." p. 325—28.

Concerning the religious notions of the New Zealanders, some idea may be formed from the following:

"It is a curious illustration of the difficulty of obtaining correct information as to many of the customs and opinions prevailing among a people whose social condition is very different from our own, that during all the time Tupai had been with Captain Reynolds, till their arrival in England, the latter was never able to discover that his friend had any notion of a superior intelligence, or being, either good or evil. It was even a considerable time before Dr. Traill was able to ascertain the truth as to this matter. At last, one day, as they rode past a church, Tupai inquired whose great house it was, and was told that it was built by Englishmen for the purpose of praying to the Great Spirit in Heaven, who sends rain, and wind, and thunder. This explanation, being translated by Captain Reynolds, with the help of signs imitating the act of prayer, seemed to be understood; and Tupai being then asked if there was not also a great spirit in his country,

answered, 'Oh, yes—many; some good—some very bad—send storms and sickness.' He intimated at the same time, by expressive signs, that his countrymen were in the habit of praying to all of them. He was afterwards taken to church, and seemed to comprehend the general meaning of the worship, which he observed with great attention. Some endeavours were made to impress upon him the doctrine of there being only one God; but the success of the attempt remained doubtful." p. 329-30.

The character of Tupai is thus summed up:

"These anecdotes form altogether the most pleasing picture we possess of New Zealand character; and show what might be made of this warm-hearted people, were those unfortunate circumstances in the condition of their country removed, which turn so many of their best qualities to so bad a use, and make their sensibility, their bravery, even their ingenuity and intellectual capacity itself, only subservient to the inflammation of their mutual animosities, and the infusion of additional ferocity and a more insatiable spirit of revenge into their interminable warfare. Tupai, while emancipated from these unhappy influences, and surrounded by the milder manners of civilized society, was all gentleness and affection. The barbarian, who had so often dealt death around him in the combat or the massacre, was now the playmate of children, and the compliant learner and imitator of the customs of peace. No one could have shown a finer natural disposition for all the amenities of civilized life. His gratitude for whatever little services were rendered to him was always expressed warmly and in such a manner as showed that it came from the heart. On departing from Liverpool he took leave of Dr. Traill with much emotion; first kissing his hands, and then, evidently forgetting or disregarding in the warmth of his feelings the new forms which he had been taught since he came to Europe, and reverting to those which his heart doubtless deemed far more expressive, rubbing noses with him after the fashion of his native country with passionate cordiality. He assured the worthy physician at the same time, that if he would come to Tupai's country he should have plenty to eat, and might carry away with him as much flax and as many spars as he pleased." p. 333-4.

Tupai, in consequence of Dr. Traill's representations, became in some measure the object of the attention of the government. Captain Reynolds was allowed to draw on the Treasury for a weekly sum, for the maintenance of his guest, who afterwards came to London, and thence embarked for New South Wales, carrying with him various agricultural and other useful implements presented to him by the government.

We should be doing an injustice to the merits of the volume on the New Zealanders, if our manner of treating it, and the extracts we have made from it, in this and our former notice, should lead to the conclusion, that it is merely a history of personal adventures. So far from being a work of that nature, the accounts which it contains of individuals, whose enterprise in visiting Europe would alone render them objects deserving of interest, are interspersed with a mass of curious information, respecting the usages, character, and social state of the inhabitants of New Zealand, drawn from the reports of our most intelligent missionaries, and especially of Mr. Marsden and Mr. Nicholas. To the knowledge moreover derived from the publications of those gentlemen, are superadded interesting speculations from the writer of the work. These we recommend particularly to the attention of our readers. The chapters on the Aspects of civilization, on the General Character of the New Zealanders, on the Comparison of savage and civilized life, and on the Modes of civilization,

with which the work concludes, are written in an admirable spirit and feeling of humanity, and exhibit deep reflection. The work is altogether extremely entertaining, and well calculated for deserved popularity. The cuts are numerous, characteristic, and well executed.

The Athenæum, an original Literary Miscellany. Edited by the Students of the University of Glasgow. Robertson & Atkinson, Glasgow.

We confess ourselves to be flattered that the editors of this very clever miscellany should have appropriated our title to their talented little work. We confess, indeed, that when we took up the book we felt some disposition to be angry at seeing "THE ATHENÆUM" affixed to a contemporary publication, but the volume so designated, not being a periodical, and as it presented, on perusal, so many claims to our approbation, we immediately felt a kindred affection for the work, and we rejoiced to hail it as a production exhibiting a very pleasing variety of taste and talent. We give as a specimen of the poetry—a parody on the opening of the "Bride of Abydos."

Know ye the town where the smoke and imprudence
Are emblems of deeds that are wrought in their clime;
Where the woe of the weavers, and loves of the
students,

Now melt in vile whiskey, now soar into rhyme!
Know ye the town where the tall chimneys shine—
Where the walls are all sable, the rum is divine;
Where the minds are oppressed with such smoky
perfume,

That the gardens are guiltless of seeking to bloom;
Where the stuffs and the cotton are fairest of fruit;
Where the voice of the night-walker never is mute;
Where the dirt of the streets, and the clouds of the sky,
In colour are equal, in blackness may vie;
And even the river is purple with dye!

There is an admirable article on the character of Aristotle, as a critic, by W. Park. There is also a clever paper on political economy and statistics, by Thomas Atkinson. Dr. Howison has drawn a very interesting parallel, in a communication of some length, between the Bheels of Asia and Indians of North America. There are many other contributions of high talent which our limited space does not enable us to enumerate. The editors of this clever miscellany deserve success, and we trust they will obtain it.

Juridical Letters addressed to the Rt. Hon. Robert Peel, in reference to the present crisis of Law Reform. Letter I, by Eunomus. London, 1830. J. & W. S. Clarke.

Englishmen, unfortunately, have but too much need for instruction on the important science of Jurisprudence. We hail, therefore, with pleasure, this, the first of a series of Letters, which promises to bring the public acquainted with the actual operations and aptitude of several of the branches of our juridical system, alike the subject of popular interest and popular ignorance.

The present letter is devoted to an exposition of the obstacles which oppose themselves to the immediate advancement of the science in this country; and these the author mainly discovers in the existing condition of the opposing parties, by whom the question of reform has been taken up. For the development of that condition, we must refer our readers to the letter itself; and the justice of the attack, which they will there find, on the jurisprudential labours of Mr. Bentham, we leave to their own knowledge to appreciate. We will just observe, however, that the whole letter betrays anything but a desire to pander to the prejudices of party; and if he be rather severe on Mr. Bentham, we suspect that author will receive but small thanks at the hands of his brethren (for we

presume him to be a lawyer) who writes of them—"While in Germany, a juriconsult is rather a professor of jurisprudence than a practitioner, and has at his fingers' ends every system of juridical metaphysics, from Puffendorf and Thomasius, down to Von Savigny, Baumback, and Falk—in England, nineteen lawyers' out of twenty have never yet given a thought to the theory of that vast machine, of which they are little more than the working engineers, who supply the fuel, and occasionally, perhaps, oil the pistons and axles." p. 9.

Bos' Greek Ellipses. Translated from Schæfer's edition. By the Rev. John Seager, B.A. Valpy.

THE celebrity of Lambert Bos's work on Greek Ellipses has been too long established to require any eulogium from us. A translation of it, in an abridged form, by Mr. Seager, a name likely to stand deservedly high in the literary world,—must be hailed by every admirer of the Greek language with satisfaction. He has executed his task with great skill and discernment, and rendered a service to the classical student which he can never fail to recognize. Mr. Seager's present production does infinite credit to his talents and scholarship.

Panorama of London. By Thomas Allen. London. 1830. Whittaker.

THIS is a very pleasing and clever production. It gives the fullest account of London and its environs of any work that has hitherto come under our notice. It abounds with the most useful and agreeable information. Considerable research must have been employed to have accumulated such a mass of detail as this agreeable little volume presents. The engravings are neatly executed, and exhibit with great fidelity the objects which they are designed to represent.

1. *English Grammar made Easy.* By W. Pinnock.
2. *Geography made Easy.* Ditto.

MR. PINNOCK has been long known as a most successful writer for the instruction of youth; and the public have not failed to award him the praise to which his talents and industry so justly entitle him. We cannot better evince our approbation of these little volumes, than by saying, that they exhibit the same judgment, the same perspicuity of language and arrangement, which so generally characterize Mr. Pinnock's former works of the same class.

ALGERS IN 1830.

ON the western side of the roadstead of Algiers, rises, in the form of a lofty triangular amphitheatre, the city of that name; one side of it being washed by the waves of the Mediterranean, and the other two ascending gradually and meeting at a point, on which stands the Dey's new palace of La Casba, with its porphyry columns. The streets are narrow and crooked, with the exception of the principal thoroughfare which intersects the town from north-west to south-east; it is about thirty feet wide and filled with shops. Beneath the range of terraces, formed by the roofs of the houses, (which amount to some fifteen thousand,) ten large mosques, a few chapels for christian worship, hospitals, and prisons, an arsenal, and a line of barracks, in which the garrison of Turkish militiamen is quartered, form prominent and attractive features. The town is encircled by dilapidated walls, to be entered by six open gates, three of which are on the land side, and consist of the Babazon-gate towards the east, (in which quarter Charles V. opened his trenches, in 1541,) the New-gate, leading to the Sultan's fort, on the south, and the Babalurette, at which christian criminals are brought out for execution. The gates of the arsenal, the mole, and

the fishery, form the three entrances from the sea. There are a vast number of gates inside the town, severing the various quarters, into which it is subdivided; particularly at night when they are closed. Algiers itself, as well as the plain of Babazon, is commanded by the "Sultan's fort," or citadel, the foundations of which were laid by Charles V.; it is situate on the summit of a hill, which overlooks the town. Though the town lies at the mercy of the adjoining eminences, the citadel itself is below the ground which is occupied by the gardens of the consuls of Holland and Sweden; these, as a late resident informs us, tower so much above every other object, that they command a view of the inmost courts of the citadel, and constitute an indispensable *point d'appui* for a besieging force, inasmuch as the fate of the place depends upon the possession of that fortress. The fortifications are of ancient construction, consisting simply of a wall thirty feet high, broken by the insertion of dwelling houses; it is lined by a dry ditch, which is protected externally by another wall, terminating in a point, three to four feet thick, and four feet and a half high. The ditches are dry. The semicircle, which forms the roadstead of Algiers presents, from one extremity to the other, an almost uninterrupted series of bastions, ramparts and batteries, many of which have been erected since Lord Exmouth's attack; they bristle with cannon at every point; but no portion of them is so formidably armed as the "Molo" and the "Alcaenza," which contained not long ago the Dey's treasures. There is a fort, on the cliffs which surround the moat, said to be the work of certain *élèves* of the Polytechnic School at Paris, who were expelled from that establishment in 1815. The number of cannon mounted upon the various fortifications commanding the bay of Algiers, may be computed at eight hundred at the least, and some carry it even so high as eighteen hundred; but, on the land side, there are not above one hundred and twenty at the utmost. An abundant supply of water was discovered beneath the site of the palace in 1611, and it is conducted, by means of an open aqueduct and brick pipes, to fountains erected at the corners of the streets; were this supply cut off, which might be effected without much difficulty by the fracture of the aqueduct, the tower would be speedily reduced to extremities, as it would then possess no other supply beyond the foul liquid its few cisterns would afford.

On a rocky island, (the *Al Je Zeire*), in front of the port, Ferdinand, the Catholic, erected a castle in the year 1509, from which Khair Eddyn, the celebrated Barbarossa's brother, expelled the Spaniards; and he subsequently connected it with the main land by a stone pier. It has been strongly fortified, and contains the yards and buildings for the navy, besides a well and light-house: the latitude of the latter is $36^{\circ} 49' 36''$.

Much has been said of the difficulty which an invading army would have to encounter from a want of water. We cannot but consider this apprehension to be chimerical; for, from our knowledge of the climate and soil, we should be led to infer, that a plentiful supply will be readily obtained by the application of boring machines.

The climate of Barbary is well known to be mild and wholesome: the seasons succeed one another with uniform regularity; and, however sultry the atmosphere may be during the autumn months, its parching heat is sensibly modified by breezes from the north. Nor can the line of coast about Algiers be termed in any respect arid, or deficient in fertility; the heights which encircle the town are thickly studded with orchards, vineyards, orange-groves, and olive-grounds, and are replete with scenery of the most varied and picturesque description. Indeed, it would be an absurdity to conceive that nature had acted the part of a step-mother towards a region which, in the circuit of a few short

miles, contains no fewer than twenty thousand gardens and vineyards. The environs of Algiers yield not only a superabundance of barley and corn, but every other vegetable production which is required for the sustenance of men and animals.

We have M. Desfontaine's testimony in corroboration of our own. "The soil of Algiers," he observes, "with the exception of those portions which border upon the desert, is less sandy and more fertile than that of Tunis; the climate, more temperate; the mountains are loftier and more numerous; the rains, more plentiful, rivers and springs more abundant, and vegetation more varied and active. The mountains check the course of the clouds coming from the north, condense them by the snow with which their summits are covered, and occasion them to descend in the form of rain."†

The whole state, which comprehends a large portion of ancient Mauritania and Numidia, and extends six hundred miles from east to west, and about one hundred and twenty from north to south, contains rather more than two millions and a half of inhabitants; a part of whom are Ottoman Turks, the modern conquerors of the country; but the majority of them are Cololus, natives of Turkish extraction, or Moors, Berbers, Jews, and Negroes. The present ruler is Hussein,‡ who succeeded his brother on the 1st of March, 1818; he is the head of a species of military republic, owing his Dey-ship to the elective franchise exercised by the chief civil and military functionaries; their choice must, however, be confirmed by the goldash, or Ottoman militia, and laid before the Turkish Sultan, whose recognition entitles him to assume the caftan. The divan, or council attached to his office, is purely executive, inasmuch as the Dey's will is law and gospel for every living soul within his dominions. His revenue, independently of extraordinary, amounts to 170,000*l.*, and his expenditure scarcely exceeds 100,000*l.* His regular army consists of 10,000 goldashes or Turkish militia, and 6,000 Moorish cavalry; but this force can, on emergency, be increased to 60,000, or even 100,000 men, by calling out the Zwowahs, or irregular militia. His navy suffered greatly during the bombardment of 1813, before which time it comprised thirteen vessels, mounting from twelve to forty-four guns, eighty gun-boats, and one hundred and fifty barks with three-cornered sails.

We cannot convey a more apt characteristic of this predatory state, than by extracting a passage from a letter written by a resident at Tangier, no less than a century and a half ago (20 Oct. 1679). "Algiers," says he, "is a den of sturdy thieves, formed into a body, by which, after a tumultuary sort, they govern, having the Grand Seignior for their protector, who supplies them with native Turks for their soldiery, and they, in acknowledgment, lend him their ships, when his affairs require it. They are grown a rich and powerful people, and, by a long practice of piracy, become good seamen; and when pressed by our men of war, as of late we have experienced, they fight and defend themselves like brave men, inferior, I am persuaded, to no people whatever. Like beasts of the desert, they only forbear to worry, where, by fear, not honesty, they are deterred."

The chastisement or destruction of Algiers has of course frequently entered into the policy of the states of Christendom; and it is impossible that any European people should not, in

behalf of good order and humanity, desire a better success to attend the attempt which our Gallic neighbours are about to make, than what has befallen most of their predecessors; amongst whom, the first and most lamentable failure was that of the Spaniards, under Charles the Fifth, in 1541, when he lost a fine fleet and army before it. In 1670 and 1685 the Algerine navy was burned by our own attack upon the harbour; in 1688 the French bombarded the town; in 1775 an expedition from Spain made a descent upon its coast, to little purpose, and in 1784 the government of the same country again sent a strong fleet into the harbour, but without effect. The last attack, made by the combined British and Dutch squadrons in 1816, seems, by its success, to have set an example to the present French ministry of the encouraging result which may be expected, where ample means are provided, and those means are efficiently applied. The ulterior object, which they may have in view, remains to be unmasked; the immediate effect, on which they have calculated, is to re-kindle the flame of military glory upon the embers of intestine strife. S.

ON THE FLOWING OF SAND.

CONVERSAZIONE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Friday, April 23.

At the conversazione of the members, Mr. Faraday stated, that by unavoidable circumstances the lecture announced for this evening was postponed; he had, however, on similar occasions, when, by the absence of men who contributed their exertions at these meetings, or any other unforeseen cause, a lecture was postponed, invariably adopted the plan of choosing the most interesting matter he could select at a short notice, to form the subject of a discourse, rather than let the members and their friends go away entirely disappointed. He expressed himself much averse to lectures taken from books, on subjects already fully investigated, and in the illustrations he had so often given on these evenings, he had constantly endeavoured to bring forward such matter as had not already been before the public, in order to advance the cause of science by the conversation elicited among a great number of scientific persons.

The circumstance that gave rise to some very curious experiments on the subject of this evening's discourse, occurred in Switzerland. A gentleman had constructed an instrument to measure the force of the wind by means of a box filled with sand, having an aperture in the side, near the bottom. This aperture was closed by a flap, against which the wind blew, so as to open it more or less according to its force, and the quantity of sand delivered from the aperture at any particular time was thus used as a measure of the strength of the wind.

Many persons questioned the accuracy of the result so obtained; for it was not clear that equal portions of sand were delivered under all circumstances in equal times from the same aperture—that would not be the case with a fluid, and if it were so with flowing sand, it demanded something more than mere supposition to prove so curious a fact. Mr. Faraday proceeded to exemplify the experiments subsequently made, and in the course of his lecture noticed some very unexpected results which attended the inquiry. The notion we have of a fluid, is that of a body so constituted as to yield by the slightest impulse; possessing but little cohesion, and an utter inability to retain a particular figure against the action of the smallest force operating to effect a change: whilst the idea of a solid, is of a substance possessing much cohesion, and capable of retaining a determinate figure against a moderate, and, in many cases, a very great force. We cannot, however, produce a fluid by mere mechanical destruction of the cohesion in a solid body; for if we take a piece of glass, and break

it to small bits, the parts still appear to retain a portion of the cohesive force they had when in a mass—they may be made into a heap, and the heap will stand piled up at a considerable angle. If we try further, and pound the pieces into the most impalpable powder art can produce, the cohesion, such as it is, still remains, and is perhaps more visible in a very fine than in a coarser powder; but we do not produce anything that bears the slightest resemblance to a fluid. A fluid appears to be composed of particles in juxtaposition, though probably not nearly in contact; and perhaps some substance interposed between the particles, and the form of the particles themselves, may give the particular character called fluidity: but this is, after all, a mere supposition.

Besides the distinctions of solids and fluids, there is another form of substance which deserves notice, because, though an aggregate of solids, it possesses as a mass some properties both of the solid and the fluid, with others not properly belonging to either. If we take a handful of dry sand, though it is composed of small bits of stone, yet as a mass it possesses the properties of running through a small aperture, and of taking any change of figure without alteration in its constituent principles, as a body. The same may be said of a bag of shot, a sack of peas, or marbles, or generally of any aggregate of detached hard particles, where the component parts bear but a very inconsiderable proportion to the whole mass. But a mass so composed has also some relation to a solid, inasmuch as it can sustain itself in a heap, and does not undergo a change of figure with so small a force as that which affects a fluid. We shall presently show that it likewise differs in some respects from either.

If a tall tube, having a small aperture in the bottom, be filled with sand, the sand will issue from the hole at the same rate until the tube be entirely empty; that is to say, as much will run out in a minute when the tube is nearly empty, as when quite full; neither will the quantity be increased if a heavy weight or pressure of any kind be added on the top of the sand. Now, there is a remarkable difference between the sand in this case and a fluid, for we all know that with the latter the quantity discharged in a given time depends on the height of the fluid above the aperture, or, as it is technically called, "the head of water," while with the sand, the additional height produces no effect whatever. But the weight of the sand must be somehow sustained, and if it is not borne by the bottom of the vessel which contains it, it must be by the sides, for these are the only other parts in contact, and such by experiment is found to be the case.

What is here said of sand, must be understood to be applicable to all compound masses of materials of which the component parts bear so small a proportion to the whole, that they may be said to constitute a powder; but sand was chosen, as the substance most frequently occurring in that form, and consequently most easily procurable.

Another curious property resulting from the weight being supported by the sides, and scarcely at all by the bottom of a vessel, is the immense resistance offered by sand in an open pipe. Mr. Faraday filled a tin tube open at both ends with sand, and laid it down horizontally; a stick nearly fitting the tube was applied to the sand, but the strength of a man was exerted in vain to push the sand through the tube, although there was nothing to prevent such an operation but the resistance of the mass against the sides. This property has proved of extensive use in the art of mining. In blasting rocks, it was formerly the practice to fill up the space above the powder with earth and clay, rammed down with great force, and repeated blows of an

† *Flora Atlantic*, pref. 2. The mountain chain, that part of the Atlas range called the Lowat and Aumer, is one of the loftiest in Barbary; the Wannouah and Aureas form its eastern continuations; these are full of rocks and precipices, and many of them are covered for three-fourths of the year, nay, some during the whole year round, with snow.

‡ Son of an ex-minister of the interior; about fifty-four years of age.

instrument,—an operation that constituted the chief danger of mining. It is now found that loose sand poured into the hole is quite sufficient to confine the powder, and the danger of percussion near so inflammable a substance as gunpowder is thus entirely superseded, in all cases where the mine lies at a sufficient angle for the sand to run down.

Mr. Faraday illustrated the several facts before alluded to by appropriate experiments, but it would occupy much time to little purpose were we to attempt a description of all the apparatus he used. We must therefore request our readers to take for granted the facts we mention, upon our assurance that we saw them proved experimentally.

Some important facts relative to the pressure of loose earth, may probably arise from these and subsequent researches, and much praise is due to Mr. Faraday, for bringing before the public a subject till now scarcely contemplated, and thus sowing the seeds of future discoveries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held at their rooms in Parliament Street, on Thursday last: the Bishop of Salisbury in the chair. The Right Reverend President delivered an able discourse, wherein, after stating the principal objects for which the society was instituted, he adverted to the subjects which had been deemed most proper for their present and future attention. In the literary researches in which they had been recently engaged, they had received, observed his Lordship, great assistance from the friendly co-operation of foreigners intrusted with the care of public libraries, not excepting the learned librarian of the Vatican. He mentioned, also, as an important fact, that, among many curious discoveries, resulting from the labours bestowed in collecting from curious manuscripts, the opinions of the writers in the early ages of Christianity, the residence of St. Paul for some time in England had been rendered highly probable. This, if satisfactorily proved, said his Lordship, would show that our church owes its establishment to a special mission from the Apostles.

The right reverend prelate mentioned the loss the Society had experienced in the death of some of their most valuable members, since their last anniversary,—particularly Dr. Thomas Young, so well known for the extraordinary power of his mind, and universality of his attainments.

Among the publications shown, as issued under the auspices of the Society, was a fasciculus of hieroglyphics, from the collection of the late Dr. Young, (prints from stone engravings, from drawings by Wilkinson). Among these hieroglyphics we perceived the splendid relief from the small temple at Abousamboul, in Nubia, which have already been published on a smaller scale in Gau's "Antiquités de la Nubie,"—not certainly in the best style, or with the greatest accuracy; but neither can we say much in praise of the manner in which those published by this Society are sent forth.

The two medals annually presented by His Majesty, were delivered to Mr. Washington Irving, and Mr. Hallam, whose literary labours are too well known to need comment.

The Rev. Mr. Catermole, the Secretary to the Society, read the annual report, and a synopsis of the papers that had been read at their various meetings.

The Bishop of Bristol, in an eloquent speech, moved that the thanks of the Society be voted to the President, for the able manner in which, on this and many other occasions, he had filled the chair of the Society, as well as for his zeal and indefatigable exertions in advancing the cause of literature.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE Royal Society commenced its sittings after the Easter recess on Thursday, April 22d, when a great portion of the evening was consumed in recapitulation, ballotings, &c. On Thursday, April 29th, the attention of the Society was occupied by an abstruse mathematical communication from Mr. Lubbock, which, however, can hardly be said to have been read, it consisted so completely of algebraic operations, the resolutions alone of which are readable. The meeting-room of the Society of Antiquaries, during the sitting of the Royal Society, is an index of the degree of interest its proceedings excite; and on the 29th, it was more than usually full, from the rising of the Antiquarians till the Royal Society adjourned to their library.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

THIS Society had their annual meeting on St. George's day (Friday, April 23d), when the report of deaths and elections for the past year was read, and council, president, and officers for the year ensuing ballotted for. The Earl of Aberdeen was re-elected to the presidency, and Messrs. Amyot, Gage, Carlisle and Ellis severally treasurer, director and secretaries. The Society afterwards dined together, according to custom, at the Freemason's Tavern. At the annual meeting, the First Part of Vol. 23 of the "Archæologia" was laid on the table. It will be found to contain matter of more than ordinary interest.

On the 29th, the Society commenced its ordinary sittings. Most of the evening was occupied in the recapitulations usual after the annual meeting and long recess, and in balloting for new members, &c. Among the presents to the Society laid on the table, was a singularly interesting lithographic print of the various fossil animals discovered in divers parts of Dorsetshire, restored in body, and placed in the actions they appear fitted for. The subject affords matter for much speculation, and has certainly been treated with much ingenuity by the author, who, however, restricts the circulation of the print to his friends, and some of the scientific societies.

LECTURE ON GERMAN POETRY.

WE had the satisfaction of being present at the first of a course of lectures, by the Professor Mühlentfels, of the London University, at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday last, and regret that the occupation of our columns this week, with matter, the interest of which will have passed before another turn of publication ensues, obliges us to postpone the notice at length which we had prepared of it. We must content ourselves, for the present, with observing, that it was the first of a series of ten lectures, proposed to be delivered in the same room, on the Tuesdays and Fridays of the month of May; and that, judging from the interesting manner in which the lecturer treated the subject of his first discourse, there is not an amateur of German language or literature in town, who would not be pleased and instructed by attending the course. The price of subscription is moderate; the room, in which the lectures are delivered, elegant; and the company, who are likely to attend, drawing our inferences from the assembly on the first day, fashionable.

Irish Horticultural Society.—This society held their Spring Exhibition last week, in Dublin, when a variety of beautiful specimens of rare plants was presented to the admirers of nature's beauties. It is gratifying to see the spread of these institutions—the advancement of human cultivation cannot but keep pace with that of the inferior productions of nature.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Vienna, April 15, 1830.

It has been said of Professor Porson, that he felt his pronunciation of the Greek to be so vicious, as to have expressed a wish that he could have spoken it even as imperfectly as a milkmaid of Bœotia. Whether or not he was far from the mark, let my old friend Professor F—— determine. "During a recent tour through Moldavia and Wallachia," says he, "I was introduced to Princess Morusi, and found her reading Barthelemy's Travels in Greece. The next day I was in her children's study, when they were taking lessons in ancient Greek, and she came in with Theocritus' Idylls in her hand. They were in the original language. She conversed not only in modern Greek, Moldavian, and French, but with equal fluency in the dialect of Homer. Upon mentioning that I understood the latter, she looked at me with an air of surprise, and then begged me to read one of the Idylls to her, and translate it into French. I had hardly got through a couple of lines when I observed her scarcely able to suppress a titter, for which, in a trice, she found vent by a merry laugh. She had the good grace, however, to check her merriment, and keep her attention upon the solemn stretch until my reading was at an end, when she candidly confessed she had not understood a single syllable I had uttered. She then took up the book and read a passage, which she gave in so lovely an accent, that I could almost have become a convert to the assertions of Grecian writers, that 'their language was the language of the Gods.' Such melody of enunciation as this had never before enchanted my ear. The princess maintained that she spoke Greek like the Grecians of old, and that there were six districts in Greece, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Salonichi, she thought, where the same pronunciation prevailed with still greater purity."

The most recent intelligence we have from Natterer is dated from the cidade de Matto Grosso, in the western province of the same name, bordering upon Bolivia. He had at that time explored this district, throughout all its points, no less than twice in the course of four years; no naturalist had ever gone over the ground before him; he was preparing to descend the Guaporé and Madeira streams, in two government boats, and take final leave of a province which is notoriously termed "the grave of Europeans." He had been twice attacked by the noxious epidemic of the climate, which carried off his faithful associate and assistant, Sochor, in Dec. 1826, and a most valuable negro servant, the year succeeding. Great obstacles stood in the way of his attempt to penetrate along the banks of those rivers, but the zeal of his friend, Azevedo, the commandant of Matto Grosso, had enabled him to surmount them. The collection he has already made, of objects and specimens in natural history, fill twenty-two large cases, and Azevedo has undertaken to see them safely conveyed down the Amazon river, to Santarem, where they have been preceded by eight cases, which Langsdorf, the Russian counsellor, has had the kindness to take charge of at Cuyaba, and carry with him down the Topazos.

The zeal with which Natterer has endeavoured to improve science, and at the same time enrich the Imperial cabinet with the spoils of nature, is beyond all praise. It is hardly possible he should reach Europe before the close of the year, for he has still a series of researches before him which extend over between two and three thousand miles of inland navigation.

If you are unacquainted with the merry muse of Castelli, the inclosed conceit may serve to introduce his name amongst your friends.

LOVE'S LAST WILL.

YOUNG love's last hour drew nigh.—

Time was, when death he jeered;

But now, his summons forced a sigh;

The wanton tyrant, shuddering, leered,
Straightway sat down to tell his beads,
And balance all his earthly needs.

Heaven's black-robed plenipie he called,

To register his last intent;

And quick engross, ere Death forestalled,

"These" as his will and testament.

'Tis true there is my brother gruff,

Lord Hymen, whom I should remember;

But we have played at handy-cuff,

And he's proved tart, foul-mouthed, and bluff;

So I'll not leave him doit or ember.—

Faith shall be 'established heir in chief,

And mine executor, that thief

Desire, that blazes in December.

To Pleasure I bequeath my bow;

'Tis meet my girdle Hope should brace;

My torch on Discord I bestow;

My dart may mend old Plutus' pace,

And Joy my recreant wing shall claim.—

This done—let "fair and foul," by Fame

Be sculptured on my tombstone's face.

As thus—"Here lies the world's great spell!"

Its blessing—torment,—heaven—or hell;

An urchin that has turned its brain

With hours of joy and years of pain;

A reckless blade,—a soul of mirth;

Least of the gods, yet chief on earth;

A monster, or a cherub dear!

Poor world, good night! Love's buried here!"

J. V. C.

EGYPT.

(From a Friend at Alexandria.)

March 7, 1839.

THE new passage, by way of the Red Sea from India, makes us very busy with travellers thence to Europe, and bids fair to recall to the banks of the Nile much of the ancient mercantile glories they enjoyed in the times of Solomon and Eziongeber! To-day a party, who had reached us by this route, left us in H. M.'s ship *Pelorus* for Malta; their names, Head, Fullarton, Henderson, Clarke, Gibson, &c.; hence they proceed to England; and they will bring home good accounts of the progress of things in this quarter. Mehemet Ali Pasha, and his son Ibrahim Pasha, continue their active exertions to promote the great objects of their country's regeneration in every way; and the advances made in civilization, and adoption of European manners, even within these few months, are quite surprising. Indeed it is grounded on principles learned at the fountain head; and the influence of the European education acquired by the young men whom these two enlightened Mussulmans have sent to France and England, in order that they might be able to instruct in the universally useful language of the former country, and to become artificers, and learn the business of commerce, already begins to be perceptible. These persons, besides the attainment of the objects for which they were sent abroad in society here, bring back with them improved habits of every description, and above all a moral sentiment unknown to them before. Thus the good seed is sown, and the blossoms at least, if not the fruit, are already apparent. This mode of civilizing a country, is infallible; and, as I have said before, the good effects of it are daily showing themselves. Much, indeed, remains to be done, to raise Egypt to an equality with European states; but the quarry is now hewn, and the stones prepared, out of which the future structure will be erected. The completion of it will reflect immortal honour on the power by whose influence the reformation has been commenced. The researches into the remains of the ancient grandeur of the country are proceeding with renewed vigour. Champollion laboured indefatigably in exploring them, and has,

at length, left us for his own country, bearing with him his vast hieroglyphic treasures. The results of the labours of his worthy colleague Rossellini, will be published no doubt as soon as he arrives in Tuscany. These learned explorers received the fullest protection and encouragement from the Pasha. His conduct towards them merits the gratitude of the learned world, the thanks of which are equally due to French and Tuscan governments, for sending out such commissions, and selecting such men to fill them. These acts are worthy the really Augustan periods of France, and remind us of the reign of the best of the Medici in Tuscany. An Englishman cannot reflect on exertions like these on the part of foreign nations, without regretting that the scientific individuals of his own country are left to pursue their researches unaided.

The miners, which a most liberal British spirit brought hither to bore for water, have had an encouraging success in the neighbourhood of this city; but the main object will be the desert tract between Cairo and Suez, where there is not now a drop of water to be met with.

MONUMENT TO DANTE.

Florence, April 11.

DANTE'S Monument, a production in marble from the chisel of Ricci, was solemnly exposed to public admiration in the church of the Santa Croce about three weeks ago, when the Archbishop opened the ceremony by performing a mass and requiem, for which Pelleschi had expressly composed the musical accompaniments. The cenotaph of the illustrious bard consists of a plain urn, which is raised upon an elevated pedestal, on which Dante, resting the "Divina Commedia" on his knees, is seated; his laurelled head reclines against one hand, whilst the other rests upon the book; a harp and trumpet are introduced by his side. To the right the figure of Italy is seen standing somewhat below the poet; she grasps a sceptre with her right hand, whilst she points with her left to the inscription, "Render homage to the illustrious bard!"—Poesy, resting her brow mournfully on the urn, stands on the left of the principal figure; a wreath appears on the point of falling out of her left hand, as indicating that the prince of Italian poets has ceased to breathe, and that she despairs of finding any other brow deserving of the verdant crown. Each of these three figures is about five feet in height. The following inscription, on the base of this monument, is from the classical pen of Zannoni:—

DANTI ALIGHERIO.

TUSCI.

HONORARIUM FUNULUM.

A MAJORIBUS. TER. FRUSTRA. DECRETUM.

ANNO MDCCCXXIX.

FELICITER EXCITAVERT.

The Grand Duke has not only presented the sculptor with a handsome sum of money, but settled a pension on him. P. Z.

PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

A New Censorship.—Some little time since the printer of the *Gazette Constitutionnelle de l'Allier* refused to print articles which he deemed might be construed as libellous. He was consequently cited by the parties interested before the proper authorities, when he succeeded in two different cases in obtaining their sanction of his conduct. Thus in France, the printer fills the office of censor—as fear, or a worse motive, will operate on all so engaged, and induce them to look scrupulously at the matter to be published. The effect has already been seen, in the same journal; that of April 7, appears with *lacunes* filled up with dots, just as it used to be during the censorship, making the sense of the article unintelligible, and defeating its object. That such a state of things will last long, is very doubtful. The evil as it exists, is

without a present remedy; as it requires the permission of government to set up a printing-office, and it often happens, that there is only one printer in the town, in which a journal is published.

The editors of the *Revue Française* and the *Revue de Paris* have determined to prosecute the literary thieves who steal the best articles and print them for sale in a cheap form. The question will soon be decided as to the extent of copyright in periodical writings, as one of the guilty (properly named the *Pirate*,) has been already served with notice of action.

M. Poisson has been nominated foreign member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Berlin, in the room of Laplace; and M. Arago in that of M. Volta: the former belongs to the section of Geometry, the latter, of Astronomy.

According to a recent calculation, the forests of France occupy nearly one-ninth of the whole territory of the kingdom.

The good Bishop of Bayonne has been translated to the Archbishopric of Toulouse, in spite of himself. We were struck with his self-denial, when we first heard of his refusal,—but even a bishop is not allowed to please himself, or to cherish the affections of his flock. The keeper of the list of *benefices* had also an eye to the benevolence of Monseigneur, and will no doubt use it well.

The subscription for the medal in honour of the Session of March is open, and will speedily manifest the public feeling on the subject.

Bolívar has announced his intention of visiting France next spring, when *Monsieur Desrosiers* will cease to be a wonder.

The courts of law are constantly occupied with the trials of editors and printers of public journals. Some are fined; some have to that appended imprisonment; and but very few escape condemnation.

The Emperor of Austria has issued a decree, prohibiting, under severe penalties, the printing of spurious works. This is but right. Vienna has long been famous as a literary *Bromwichum*.

A drama, in five acts, in verse, has just been read by the committee of taste at the Odeon, entitled "Jeanne la Folle; ou, la Bretagne au Treizieme Siècle," by M. Fontan, who is confined for a libel in St. Pelagie.

FINE ARTS.

WATER COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE collection of drawings at the Gallery in Pall Mall East, forms this year, as usual, a most interesting exhibition, yet we do not think it is to be regarded as superior to that of last year. The works of FIELDING, DEWINT, and COX, display the same artist-like feeling and combination of happy effects with fidelity to nature, which we have been accustomed to observe in various degrees, and in somewhat different characters, let it be added, in the respective productions of those artists; they are in every respect satisfactory, but we do not perceive that improvement on former excellences which alone would afford just ground for the enthusiasm with which we hear it declared in some quarters, that there was never such an Exhibition before. If, however, those who have hitherto been accustomed to bear away the palm among the members of this society, have only equalled, without surpassing their former efforts, they must not complain if, as a natural consequence, the attention of the public is somewhat drawn away from their works to those of artists whose progress towards perfection is so striking as to command surprise and admiration. Such, we think, is the case with the two drawings of Mr. J. D. HARDING, and Miss L. SHARPE respectively: the former "Byron's Dream," No. 181, and the latter "Girl with a Letter," No. 225. On contemplating Mr. Harding's drawing, accomplished artists at once admire and despond. They are delighted with its excellence, and sigh in despair of equalling it. A drawing so brilliant, so effective, so delightful in composition,

so forcible and yet so natural in colour, so excellent in perspective, and so masterly in the arrangement as well as colouring of the figures, has scarcely ever before adorned the walls of this gallery—rich as they have ever been in *chefs-d'œuvre* of this branch of art. How rich is the blue of the sky, and how admirably the columns in the foreground rise against it! Ask the first Levant traveller you meet with, and he will tell you how happy Mr. Harding has been in representing the hue which time has given to the marble monuments of ancient Greece.

Miss L. Sharpe's drawing is as different in its nature and character from Mr. Harding's, as it is in its subject, yet in its way is it almost as near perfection. The fair artist must have been in a most happy mood when she composed this picture; we trust it is the last she executed. The picture is admirable throughout—the figure for its expression, the whole for its arrangement of colour. It is full of sentiment, yet devoid of sentimentality, free and masterly. Was the effect of a dimpled chin ever before caught so happily, or represented so skillfully? It is only equalled by the forehead of ivory and pencilled eyebrows. The arrangement and colouring of the drapery, too, remind one of the best age of Italian art. There is only one evil to be objected to in this drawing—it almost spoils us for the many other very clever productions of the same lady.

Mr. Cattermole's drawings are also surprising productions. They cannot fail to attract attention and to excite astonishment, although they may not be generally approved. They are more calculated to find favour with persons versed in art than with the public. This may sound like the highest praise, but we do not mean it to be the praise which we think artists ought to aim at. Mr. Cattermole's drawings are very clever—remarkably spirited; they give indications of vast invention, of a facile pencil, and of great knowledge of the value and right application of colours; and these are indications which will charm the artist; but the uninitiated require something more complete, and more made out and defined.

The works of these three artists we have mentioned, constitute, we believe, the *wonders* of the Exhibition. We shall reserve our notice of ordinary specimens of excellence for another occasion.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

British Preserver. Drawn and Etched by S. Howitt. Griffiths.

THIS work, we believe, was completed in the course of last year, but it is only recently that our attention has been called to it in its perfect state. It is professedly confined to the representation of animals and birds peculiarly the object of the sportsman, and contains forty-three plates. Mr. Howitt's reputation is too well established, and his style is too well known, to require that we should point out the particular excellencies that distinguish his drawing of animals. Yet, although, it may not be necessary, we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of expressing our admiration of the masterly manner in which this work is executed throughout, of the wonderful life and truth with which the figures of animals are invested, and of the clearness and appropriate style with which they are etched. It is a work which, we should think, no sportsman nor amateur of the study of natural history would willingly be without. It is one of the very best kind, and of the truest taste.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Thursday evening Madame Malibran Garcia appeared for the first time this season in the character of *Cenerentola*, in Rossini's opera of that name. Her reception was cordial in the extreme, and the talent of her performance justified the enthusiasm with which every part of it was greeted. As we have already noticed the general style in which this opera is produced, and as no other change has taken place than the substitution of Madame Malibran for Madlle. Blais as *prima donna*, we shall have occasion to say but little—and that little is perhaps almost unnecessary, for our readers are by this time thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar merits of Madame Malibran,

though her variety of talent is so great, that but a tithe of it would be appreciated on a first or second hearing. In the interval, however, since the close of last season, some change has come over her spirit, and of that change we are now about to speak. In the first place then, some little of that redundant gesticulation and excessive vivacity, which were formerly the subject of complaint—some of the tricks of countenance and manner, that savoured rather of pantomime than of the severer drama, have been evidently discharged from service; and her high animal spirits, that seemed at every instant ready to betray her into excesses, are subjected to a control which till now they seemed to disdain. The lapse of so many months, or her recent accident by the trap-door at Paris, may have rendered this increased sobriety a matter of necessity—but till that fact is ascertained, we prefer considering it the work of her own free judgment, in remedying what seemed to the general eye of criticism her ruling defect as an actress. As to her vocal powers, there is a still more evident amendment—a greater command and flexibility, and a more finished manner of execution, than could be acknowledged when last we heard her. But the buoyancy of her character reaches even to her singing, and her improved vocal powers are now made to perform the same quicksilver evolutions as were formerly executed by the limbs and features alone. Her voice bounds and dances about, as a young child playing on a grassy lawn: it cannot be contented with the formal route marked out for it, but flies off here and there, most pleased when its deviation can be wildest and most frequent, and apparently only tired when obliged to adhere to the settled track and pace of its companions. In such an opera as "*Cenerentola*," this is perhaps an error on the right side—it is in character with the general sportiveness of the music, and that particularly given to *Cenerentola* does not suffer from these amplifications introduced into it; but the danger is, that an indulgence of this kind may become a practice; and if Madame Malibran should persevere in her representation of tragic personages in operas of a grander cast, the simplicity and sublimity of effect in solo passages, and the propriety of harmony in the more complicated music, would be materially injured: moreover, it leads to a habit of indolence, for there occur many difficulties in the mere text which may be avoided by a variation; and as an audience is always likely to take it for granted, that two notes must be more difficult than one in the same time, this easy way of slurring over a hard passage is always likely to be applauded as something very astonishing.

Having said this much generally, we should add, that Madame Malibran's conception of the part is, as usual, very clever, and the execution of it very spirited. She is one whose ideas are sure to be original, and, from the abundance of her resources, there is no fear of any poverty or weakness of performance, or that any two performances will be combined of materials so alike, as to smack of mannerism;—for she has variety even in the constancy of her high spirits; and though her interpolations spring from the same invariable cause, yet they differ from each other in every part of the same character, and even at every repetition of this same part. Her *Cenerentola* is not so first-rate as her *Ninetta*, and even that, we suspect, will yield to her *Caroline*.

FRENCH PLAYS.—HAYMARKET.

ON Monday last, a new performer, M. Bernard Léon, presented himself to the public on this stage. This gentleman has the size, and almost the vivacity, requisite for acting *Falstaff*, and most assuredly the constellations frowned on him, when they brought his abilities to light in a French solo, for his manner, his appearance, and his kind of talent are all decidedly English. Having said this much, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he is clever, but rather coarse, being well calculated to improve the health of the audience, by the hearty laughs he draws from them, but not to gratify refined taste by a delicate and discriminating performance.

The main performance of Monday evening, was "*Marie Mignot*," one of those three-epoch compositions, which the French playwrights have been pouring out so profusely for some few years to illustrate their esteem for the Unities. Poor Shakespeare, who never ventured to maltreat chronology more than once in the same play, and for that one

offence had always his chorus and apology, would be astounded at the facility with which these gentlemen annihilate time, and play leap-frog over a series of decades by the help of the drop-scene and a change of dresses. "*Marie Mignot*" is among the worst of the productions of this class, from the extreme improbability of its incidents. The heroine who appears, in the three epochs, in the three characters of *blanchisseuse*, *Marchéale*, and mistress and *Maintenon* to *Casimir* the ex-king of Poland, is a lady who sacrifices throughout her love to her ambition, (natural enough, no doubt); but most unnaturally, and, in contradiction of the good old song, she does not find that ambition soon cures her of love, for she keeps a good proportion thereof through thirty years of court intrigue and dissipation. The lover, who is throughout sacrificed to a succession of more powerful and wealthy suitors, returns each time to his mistress after her choice has been irrevocably made, in a situation more exalted than that to which her treachery has raised her; but, accommodating as his nature appears to be, his patience tires at last, upon repeated rejections; and when the lady has attained some fifty years, he in turn rejects the offer of her hand. This fantastic and improbable story was done full justice to, in the performance, particularly by M. Léon and Madlle. Irma.

"*Le Savetier Philosophe*" and "*Les Poletais*" are entertaining little pieces, but not of a kind to need description. *Fateli*, the descendant of the most illustrious of suicides, is himself a cook and a man of genius, and on the point, when things go wrong and the banquet wants a cover, of imitating his far-famed progenitor: luckily, however, the banquet is an English Ambassador's; a plum-pudding is substituted for the lost dish, and a happy marriage is the consequence. The mock-heroic of the character was admirably given by M. Léon.

MATHEWS'S ANNUAL.

ON Monday Mr. Mathews published his "*Comic Annual*," for the amusement of the Adelphi visitors. Like the *programme* previously published, it presents a medley of characters, *antique* and *modern*, large and small, in beautiful variety; but the resemblance goes no further, as the errors of the press are not quite so obvious. Here and there a *point* or so is wanting, of course; but the Censor has drawn his pen through many passages, and, in imitation of the French, the work is published with *lacunes*—the parts omitted, it is presumed, had too many *points*, as the French shrewdly hint by filling the vacancy with nothing but points. As usual, old jokes are published as new, and some skeleton scenes filled up with life and humour by the exercise of the Editor's well-known tact. Among the *prose*, we give the preference to "*Mr. Dispepsy*, and his double-bedded room." Some of the *verse* is good—made much better by being set to music. As to the *cuts* and *embellishments*, we need not say a word beyond mentioning the artist's name—viz. Charles Mathews. Upon the whole, the entertainment to be derived from this *ANNUAL*, by no means equals that of many of the earlier productions of the same class.

HUMMEL'S CONCERT.

WE had on Thursday the gratification of hearing, for the first time, the pianist who has long been spoken of as the greatest of his time. Hummel's style of playing appears to us decidedly that of Cramer; there is the same perfection of finish—the same classical attention to time—the same delicacy and elegance of ornament, always appropriate—never superfluous. With all these attributes of excellence, there is, in addition, so much more force and energy, that on the whole we certainly regard it as the most sensible and best, consequently the most effective, pianoforte performance we have ever heard. There are professors, both here and in Paris, who perform, or at least attempt, much greater difficulties than did Hummel on Thursday; and there might be some of his hearers (admirers of the very new and extravagant school,) who would say there was not a sufficient display of mechanical power, or, in other words, not enough *tours de force*. The impression which

his performance left on us, however, is, that he could execute as much as anybody, but that his good sense has taught him that the majority of his audience will be better satisfied with the perfect accomplishment of as much as can possibly be desired or understood, than if their ears and understandings are taxed beyond their comprehension, and their fears of a failure excited by exertions that are evidently overstrained and laborious, and consequently painful instead of pleasurable in their effect.

To this we may add, that, with as much execution as is desirable, or perhaps endurable, there is in Hummel's playing a delightful ease, an unaffected precision, which convey to his auditors a certainty of his complete success, and a conviction that the artist is quite equal to much more than he chooses to attempt. Speaking of Mr. Hummel as a composer, we may say that his new Concerto in A flat, is scientific enough to gratify the most fastidious musician, and sufficiently sweet and graceful (especially the first and last movements,) to charm those amateurs who may not have had leisure or inclination to adventure beyond a love of melody. The second piece, an introduction and fantasia on a Turkish or Indian air, which we remember in Weber's "Oberon," did not by any means delight us; and we suspect, from the difference between that and Hummel's compositions in general, that it was written for the express purpose of exhibiting some of those tricks and difficulties, which his good taste deemed it unnecessary to display in the Concerto.

We hope this error in judgment will prove a solitary instance of departure from that purity and unequalled perfection of style which has created, and will, without adventitious aid, maintain the well-merited eminence of his musical reputation. The concluding performance was extemporaneous, introducing, "Là, ci darem la mano," and "Fin ch'han del vino," from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." We will not attempt to express our perfect satisfaction at this spontaneous and extraordinary combination of sound and sense, of which every evanescent note left a regret on our minds, that we had not the means of perpetuating its delightful impression. We conclude by stating our conviction that those who have heard Hummel, will not be content without hearing him again, and that for those who have not, there is so much real pleasure in reserve, that we sincerely recommend them to take the earliest opportunity of obtaining it. The Concert, which was at the Opera Rooms, was well and elegantly attended, although not quite so fully as we expected.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A Modulation Study, on the "Blue Bells of Scotland." Composed for the Flute, by L. Drouët. Cocks & Co.

A VERY original and ingenious composition. Drouët has written the old and favourite Scotch tune, in the primitive key of c, and by very clever and brief modulations worked it through eleven other keys, in the following order; namely, F, A, B flat, D, G, A flat, E flat, G minor, E flat, E natural, E minor, and finally in c. The idea is new and good, and its development striking and effective, the *tout ensemble* forming an interesting fantasia or capriccio.

The Bohemian's Horn: a German Melody, arranged for the Harp, and dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta, by Mrs. Charles Egan. Paine & Hopkins.

THE following note which accompanies the melody will offer the best account of its origin:—"The roads in various parts of Germany being too narrow to allow the passage of more than one carriage at a time, it is usual for the carriage which has entered at one end, to warn off, by certain sounds of a horn, any carriages that may be approaching at the other. These warning sounds, though few and simple, are exquisitely sweet, and never fail to

excite mingled pleasure and surprise in the weary and unexpecting traveller. The musical reader who has travelled in Germany will recognize, in the elements of the above Air, the simple sounds of the Bohemian's Horn." Our German neighbours are, even to their peasantry, notoriously more musical than ourselves; but before we had perused the above anecdote, we had no idea that the carriages themselves were capable of musical composition and performance. Certainly, the exquisite melody is so simple, that a pair of good ungreased wheels might almost produce as interesting a combination of warning sounds. The arrangement is nearly as good as the theme.

Duet for two Performers on one Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Harp, founded upon Barnett's favourite Air, "Rise, gentle Moon!" and Hart's reply to it, "Sweet Evening Star." Arranged expressly for, and dedicated to, the Misses Griffiths, by N. B. Challoner. Mayhew & Co.

THIS is professedly a trifle, but a very desirable and interesting little trio. It consists of a spirited and clever *allegro introduction*, two melodies, with few episodes. The whole is unusually familiar and pleasing. The duet may be considered perfect without the addition of the harp, as all the obligato passages for the latter instrument are inserted in a smaller character in the piano-forte part.

"Gaily dance on Summer Nights." The celebrated Cavatina sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam in "The Bold Dragoons." Written by Morris Barnett, composed and published by John Barnett.

THE Barnetts do all! write, compose, sing, and publish! And what for no? as Mrs. Margaret Dods says. This specimen of their industry and talent is, and deserves to be successful. The very characteristic and pretty Fandango here presented is too popular to need comment, and too pleasing not to be admired.

Select Melodies of various Nations; arranged with embellishments for the Flute, with accompaniments (ad lib.) for the Pianoforte, by Raphael Dressler (No. 5.) Cocks & Co.

THIS very interesting and cheap little work must be peculiarly acceptable to an amateur of the flute, and the number now noticed is equal to any of the others. It comprises a vast and interesting variety of pieces, well chosen and well adapted to the purpose proposed.

R. Cocks and Co.'s New Flute Tutor; to which is added Forty popular Melodies by an eminent Professor of that Instrument.

A very concise yet complete little book, containing a vast variety of information at a very moderate price. The forty Airs are carefully arranged through the useful keys, with every finger mark necessary, and a clear description, not only of what more immediately appertains to the flute and flute-playing, but to music in general.

Royal Yacht Club.—At Cherbourg, which, in addition to its celebrity as a dock-yard and arsenal, has been recently rendered a place of pleasurable resort, by the erection of a range of sea-baths, of the most complete and beautiful construction, it has been proposed to offer prizes to be sailed for by the Royal Yacht Club of England. This proposition originated in the circumstance of a squadron of the above club having prepared during the last season to honour the opening of the grand basin at Cherbourg with their attendance, from which they were only prevented by unfavourable weather. It has been rumoured, that the French government would, in addition, give a gold cup of the value of 120 louis to the yacht which should prove itself the best sailer in that harbour.

Aerolites.—Instances of this phenomenon have lately occurred in Russia. During a very fine day, about two hours after mid-day, a violent clap of thunder was heard, unattended by lightning, when (it is said) stones fell from the air during several minutes, with much noise. Those who witnessed it report they saw a great number; but only two were found—one of which was sent to the Academy of Sciences at St. Peters-

burgh, and has been submitted to the examination of some of its members.

Boring of Wells.—Permission has been granted by the French government, to an English company, for the admission, by way of Havre, of the necessary apparatus for boring Artesian Wells, which the company have undertaken to do much cheaper than the French, and in every variety of situation.

Longevity.—A man 121 years old, has lately died in Hacquegnies, Canton of Ath. He enjoyed to the last the use of all his faculties.

—A very violent shock of an earthquake was felt lately at Eglisan, in Switzerland: the weather was fine, and the barometer showed no variation.

—A new liturgy, in accordance with the spirit of the age, is preparing for the Duchy of Brunswick, with the approbation of the government.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, April 24.—On Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Civil Law: Rev. F. B. Twisleton, Prebendary of Hereford, late Fellow of New College. Masters of Arts: C. P. Gough, Oriel Coll. and Rev. W. G. Dymock, Exeter Coll., Grand Compounders; Rev. J. Ushorne, University Coll.; Rev. P. H. Lee, Fellow of Brazen Nose Coll.; H. D. Stephens, Fellow of New Coll.; Rev. S. B. Shirreff, Wadham Coll.; and Rev. J. Fox, Queen's Coll.

Bachelors of Arts: R. Iviscoe, Jesus Coll.; H. L. Nichol, St. John's Coll.; W. T. Marychurch, and T. M. Fallow, Edmund Hall.

Thursday the following degrees were conferred: Bachelors in Divinity: J. T. Round, Fellow of Balliol Coll.; R. A. Thorp, and E. Gresswell, Fellows of Corpus Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, April 30.—At the Congregation on Wednesday last the following degrees were conferred:

Honorary Master of Arts: Lord Pollington, Trin. Coll. eldest son of the Earl of Mexborough.

Doctor in Physic: T. Eliotson, Jesus Coll. Masters of Arts: B. Charlesworth, Trin. Coll.; Rev. T. Jarrett, Fellow of Catharine Hall; P. T. Serjeant, Corpus Christi Coll.; T. Sikes, Queen's Coll.

Bachelor in Civil Law: Rev. F. Baring, Christ Coll.

Bachelors of Arts: J. W. Sanders, J. M. Carrow, J. K. Eagles, E. N. Cooper, Trin. Coll.; F. C. Cook, G. Booth, St. John's Coll.; T. Bates, W. Darby, St. Peter's Coll.; W. K. Izon, Pembroke Coll.; D. Hill, Clare Hall; D. H. Say, Caius Coll.; C. Sanders, A. W. Brown, T. Leach, G. Waller, J. K. Marsh, R. Evans, J. Wright, Queen's Coll.; R. Bealby, B. F. Tuckness, W. Tomkins, Catharine Hall; F. T. Blackburn, W. Nunn, F. Barker, G. H. West, Jesus Coll.; B. Wilmer, Christ Coll.; J. L. McLachlan, Sidney Coll.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Boe on the Greek Ellipse, abridged into English by the Rev. J. Seager, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Select Orations of Demosthenes, with English Notes, by E. H. Barker. 12mo. 8s. 6d.—No. 5. of the Family Classical Library, containing Vol. I. of Beloe's Translation of Herodotus, 4s. 6d.—Hannibal's Passage of the Alps, with remarks on a Dissertation by Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, by a Member of Cambridge University, 8vo. 5s.—Domei's Road of Germany, 16s. 6d.—Gamba on Mining, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s.—Hale's Chronology, 4 vols. 4s. 3s. Leigh's Guide to the Lakes, 7s.—McCulloch on Political Economy, 16s.—Traits of Scottish Life, 3 vols. 8vo. 12s. 7s.—Analytical Anatomy, by Manec Street, 6s. 6d. Hooper on the Morbid Anatomy of the Brain, imp. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.—Dr. Clarke on Children, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Rees on Children, 3s. 6d.—Three Courses and a Desert, half-bd. 18s., illustrated by Cruikshanks.

A small collection of Essays in Verse and Prose, under the title of "Sweepings of Parnassus," will shortly appear before the public.

Weekly Meteorological Journal.

Days of W. Mon.	Thermom. A.M.	Thermom. P.M.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 23	55	55	29.80	S.	Rain.
Fr. 23	53	50	29.95	S.W.	Rain A.M.
Sat. 24	55	52	29.95	Ditto.	Clear.
Sun. 25	62	47	29.80	W.	Ditto.
Mon. 26	62	51	30.00	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 27	70	55	30.05	E.	Ditto.
Wed. 28	65	54	30.05	S.E.	Ditto.

Temperature registered at 9 A.M., and 8 P.M.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, and Cumulostratus.

Mean temperature, 54.—atmospheric pressure, 29.50. Nights and Mornings fair.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mercury in conj. on Friday, at 1h. A.M. The Sun and Venus in opposition on Monday.

Mercury nearest the Sun on Saturday.

Length of day on Wed. 14h. 36m.; increased 6h. 52m. Sun's horary motion 2' 20". Logarithmic number of distance .003201.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON.—The PUMP-ROOM will re-open for the season, MONDAY, MAY 1. **HOT MINERAL WATERS:** Carlsbad, Seltzer, and Vichy. **DITTO:** Spa, Pyramont, Marienbad, Eger, Seitz, Seidnitz, &c. &c.

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